



Silvia



Silvia

LOVE-LETTERS

BETWEEN A

Nobleman *and his Sister:*

V I Z.

F---rd Lord Gr--y of Werk,

AND THE

Lady Henrietta Berk---ley,

Under the Borrow'd Names of

Philander and Silvia.

Done into VERSE, by the Author of the
Letters from a *Nun* to a *Cavalier*.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHARLES CORBETT, at *Addison's*
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MDCCXXXIV.

OVER-LEAF

REVEREND

Nicholson and his Sister:

V. P. R.

and his Sister of the

ALDERS

and his Sister of the

and his Sister of the



Silver

P. 101

and his Sister of the
and his Sister of the

The Second Edition.

LONDON

and his Sister of the
and his Sister of the

MDCCLXXIV



TO THE
R E A D E R.

TH O' the Scene, in the following Letters, is laid in a Foreign Country, yet 'tis well known we had in *England*, in the gallant Reign of King *Charles* the Second, such an Amour, such a Hero, and such a Heroine.

Any one may perceive a Similitude of the Duke of *Monmouth*

To the Reader.

in the Character of *Cesario*, and of
the Lord *G---y*, in that of the
young *Philander*.

The Letters were written in a
Poetical Style, therefore 'twas
thought not improper to put them
into Verse, the Sense of the Ori-
ginal being observed as much as
possible.



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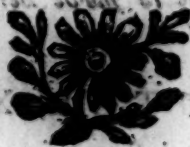
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LOVE-LETTERS

BETWEEN

Philander and Silvia:

Done into VERSE.

LETTER I.

TO *SILVIA*.

WHEN last I parted, tho' I seem'd
t'agree
'T'your cruel and impossible De-
cree,
Ten thousand Conflicts since, my
Thoughts controul;
And Love supreme reigns Sovereign of my Soul.
B That

That Idol Honour's banish'd from my Breast;
 Honour, that wou'd its stupid Rules suggest.
 Transporting Thought! when *Silvia* came in
 view,

At her Idea soon the Phantom flew.

Silvia, in all the Charms of blooming Youth,
 In all the Graces of unvanquish'd Truth,
 With heavenly Beauties, wanton, young and gay,
 More bright than Angels, innocent as they.
 Her Eyes all languishing, her Bosom bare,
 Her Breasts all naked, and all loose her Hair,
 All negligent her Dress, her Bosom rose
 With secret Sighs, and ardent Flames disclose.
 Flames she wou'd fain for ever keep conceal'd,
 But oh! her Eyes, her Looks the burning Love
 reveal'd.

My charming *Silvia*, let it then suffice,
 I think, and know enough that justifies
 A Brother's Passion from a Sister's Eyes.
 He that is worthy of my *Silvia*'s Love,
 His Passion out o'th' common Road must move.
 If on her killing Eyes depends his Fate,
 Must do it far beyond the common Rate.

'Tis not enough to gain a single Heart,
 Or raging Pains to one alone impart;
 Your Beauty, like the Sun, should spread o'er all,
 And be yourself a great Original.
 Break thro' those despicable Laws ordain'd,
 You was not made by Rules to be obtain'd.

Insipid

Inspid Methods; nobler Causes move,
 That shou'd inspire my *Silvia's* Soul with Love.
 What kin are you to me? no Ties of Blood;
 Or if there were, Love will not be withstood,
 What if the Priest my Hand your Sister gave,
 I am alone my charming *Silvia's* Slave.

Shall ceremonious Customs ever tye
 Our Souls in one eternal Slavery,
 And airy Dreams for lasting Pleasures buy?

The first great Race of Men, and nearest *Jove*,
 Minded no Rules, promiscuously they love;
 Then the glad Brothers could their Sisters wed,
 And happy Fathers with their Daughters bed.
 Therefore start not, for oh! I know your Mind
 To strictest Virtue always was inclin'd.

Reject, my *Silvia*, these fantastick Rules,
 Dull beaten Roads to fright believing Fools,
 Put me not off with long and wild Delays,
 Nor from your Breast the kindling Fires erase;
 Say rather that you but dissembled Love,
 Which never suffers Honour to remove.

Honour, a poor imaginary Pow'r,
 Meer empty Fright of Nonsense, and no more;
 In Favour represent me to your Soul,
 And never suffer Honour to controul.

Think at your Feet the fond *Philander* lies,
 With kind Reproaches, and with broken Sighs,
 For cruel *Silvia* languishes and dies.

Think, when I'm dead, which will affright you
 most,
 The Ghost of Honour, or *Philander's* Ghost.

*I have liv'd a whole Day,
 and yet no Letter from
 my Silvia.*

The lost Philander.



LETTER II.

TO *PHILANDER*.

OH! why, *Philander*, will you make me own
 What should remain eternally unknown?
 With what regret it was I made you swear,
 That you'd my Honour to your Love prefer.
 Blushing confess, that when your Vows you made,
 I then e'en wish'd I should not be obey'd.
 I wish'd you'd still pursu'd the impious Flame;
 Left me undone, and raving with my Shame.
 At your Departure I look'd o'er my Heart,
 To know with which I could the easiest part.
 But every way like raging Seas was tost,
 And found myself inevitably lost.
 Why, ye un pitying Gods, are we ordain'd
 The first Examples e'er such Plagues sustain'd?

For

For sure so criminal a Love before,
No Brother ever to his Sister bore.

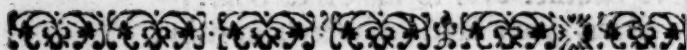
Alas, your fatal Industry's in vain;
You are my Brother, and must so remain.
That Name whilst young was rooted in my Heart,
There thriv'd and spread, and never will depart.
The fragrant Rose will not the Tulip bear,
Nor Hyacinth the Stalk of Poppies wear:
No more, *Philander*, can a mutual Flame
Receive a Brother's and a Lover's Name.
Since your Endeavours then are all in vain,
Let us our native Innocence retain.

Philander, use what Arguments you will,
Do what you can, you are my Brother still.

But why, ye spiteful Deities above,
D'you thus torment me with a Brother's Love?
Take either Titles from him, or from me
A Life that's full of endless Misery.
For since your Laws will not allow Redress,
Philander never can his *Silvia* bless.

Wednesday Morning.

Unfortunate Silvia.



LETTER III.
TO PHILANDER.

THIS Morning, after I dismiss my Page,
And while deceitful Thoughts my Mind
engage,
I walk'd attended in the silent Grove,
With a sad soft Opinion of your Love.
Commanding then *Melinda* to withdraw,
Down on that verdant Bank myself I threw,
Where last I was accompany'd by you;
Where still the Prints of both of us are seen,
And still have left Impressions on the Green.
There, with remembrance of the Joys we past,
I took your Letter from my panting Breast;
I read and kiss'd, then read and kiss'd again,
But oh! who can express th' excessive Pain,
When I that fatal part of it perceive,
That you your Hand unto my Sister gave.
My Soul a thousand Agitations had,
All insupportable, all raving mad.
On the cold Ground I threw my Bosom bare,
Then rising in a Rage, I tear my Hair.

Tha

Love-Letters.

7

That Face that is th' Occasion of your Flame,
Can hardly too escape from meeting with the same.
My wretched Arms then o'er my Bosom prest,
To keep down rising Sighs that rend my Breast.
Swiftly I traverse thro' the conscious Grove,
With Looks erected up to Heav'n and *Jove*.
No pitying God my vain Petition hears,
They're all remorseless to my ardent Prayers.
Philander's married! oh ye Gods! I cry,
The Youth for whom I languish, and I die.
Married's enough to make me curse my Fate,
To whom, there's no occasion to relate.
Curs'd be each Charm you've flatter'd, and each
Grace,

For now they help my Ruin on apace.
Like Flowers they now must die unseen in shade,
Since my *Philander's* to another wed.
Wedded! oh Torture! oh Confusion! Hell!
Th' Addition's needless, who 'tis to, to tell.
My Sister's Name need never mention'd be;
He's marry'd, that's enough to ruin me.

'Tir'd out with Life, no Passport need but this,
And 'tis enough, *Philander* married is!
Yes, 'tis enough; more *Silvia* need not have,
To lay her ever silent in the Grave.

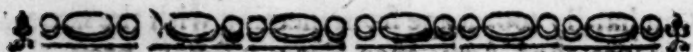
The wretched and despairing

Wednesday-night,
Belfont.

Silvia.

B 4

LETTER



LETTER IV.

TO SILVIA.

UNfaithful *Silvia*, twice I sent my Page,
 'Twice he return'd the Object of my Rage.
 And reason too; for he no Letters had,
 Nor least Remembrance from my fickle Maid.
 Disorder'd thus, incapable of Rest,
 I laid me down to heal my tortur'd Breast.
 The Torments of the Day i'th' Night increase,
 Far more than can the Languisher express.

But the returning Light, as Morn arose,
 Brought gently on its Wings a short Repose.
 Those pleasing Slumbers interrupted were
 By my attoning Boy, who brought me here
 Two kind Epistles from my charming Fair.
 The Dreams he wak'd me from were free from
 Fears,

Pleasant and soft, not troubled with Despairs.
 All Love, all Life, and gave a loose to Joys,
 Which rigid Honour cruelly denies.

This way, my *Silvia*, thus you shall be mine,
 In spite of what the Tyrant shall enjoin.

In

Love-Letters.

9

In Groves, in Grotto's, and in dark Alcoves,
The Phantom flies, nor interrupts our Loves.
'Twas then, and there, methought my *Silvia's*
Charms,

With soft Resistance yielded to my Arms.
Her snowy Bosom heav'd with broken Sighs;
I heard her whisp'ring Voice, she trembling cries,
Have you the Heart?---- Will you undo me?----
Pray----

Oh will you ruin me, because you may?
My faithless,---my unkind---
Then sigh'd, and yielded up the Fort of Love,
And made me happier than triumphant *Love*.
'Twas but a Dream, I wak'd, the Vision flies;
But oh! your Letters gave substantial Joys---
Pardon, my Charmer, when I must allow,
The great Disorder in your Lines you show,
To be occasion'd by Effects of Love;
Which Love in vain you struggle to remove:
In Love! my Soul, continue to go on,
And never think you'll be by Love undone.
Can he your Ruin or Misfortune prove,
Has Youth, you say, to justify that Love?
One that will love so constant and so true,
One that lov'd first, and always will do so.
In our Creations, Fortune did ordain
Silvia to me, and *Silvia* to her Swain,
And shall we, can we alter our Decree?
No, my soft Charmer, that can never be.

B 5

Our

Our Souls at first were touch'd with the same
Flame,

And had a Being e'er our Bodies had a Frame—

Or is't undoing, oh thou lovely Fair,
To let your kind, your blest'd *Philander* share
Those exquisite, those everlasting Joys,
Which to some hated Object you must sacrifice?
And must those Treasures, must those Joys be had
I'th' cold Embrace of a Conjugal Bed—

For all the Joys my *Silvia* can dispense,
How will a clumsy Husband recompense?
Shall a dull Husband, who'll those Raptures call
The Drudgery of Life, and flight 'em all;
Shall he receive 'em, whilst *Philander* dies
At-thought of least Possession of the Joys?

Oh *Silvia*! where lies the undoing then?
My Quality's i'th' Rank of highest Men:
My Youth is gay, fond, amorous, and true,
My Soul all soft, all Love, all *Silvia*'s too.
Her I adore, I languish, and I die,
Am sick of Love, and Life, 'till she comply.

You say I'm married, there's th' unhappy Coast
Where my Love must eternally be lost.

But I deny't, nor think that it is so,
Alas! my Soul at first was form'd for you;
Of ripen'd Judgment, and my sacred Vows,
'Tis you alone, my *Silvia*, art the Spouse.
The rest I've now repented, and forget,
Like the rash Follies hasty Youth commit;

Like

Like Oaths in Anger breath'd, which in their
Birth

Die unregarded either of Heav'n or Earth—

Besides, this fatal Wife, this Sister too,

'This Gulph that's fix'd between my Heav'n and
you,

This same *Mertilla* that still breeds such Cares,

Such fatal Difference in our soft Affairs,

Mertilla first 'twas broke the Marriage-Vow,

She saw *Cesario*, and she lov'd him too :

Cesario, who has ev'ry envy'd Grace,

And ev'ry godlike Feature in his Face.

Such Softness in his Eyes, such godlike Pow'r,

And ev'ry Charm that Woman can adore.

For universal Conquest form'd by Fate,

To be undone, who'd love him at a cheaper Rate ?

She who'll not venture Fame and Marriage-tye,

For young *Cesario*, merits not the Joy.

I wish so much was to *Philander* due,

Who'd run more Hazards of his Life for you,

Than e'er that amorous Hero did sustain,

Mertilla's yielding easy Heart to gain—

He courted in as many Shapes as *Jove*,

I saw, but strove not to obstruct his Love.

I'd seen my *Silvia*, and I lov'd her too,

Yet still I strictly kept my Marriage-Vow :

'Till even Time, and Place, and all agree,

That this *Mertilla* first was false to me.

Blest Certainty ! first broke my heavy Chain,

And I with Joy caress'd the royal Swain.

Submit

Submit to shameful Freedom, since 'twill prove
Of great Assistance to my *Silvia's* Love---

Let the dull jealous Coxcomb fret in vain,
'And fight for what he never can regain;
'Tis Nonsense, and I rate not Honour so:
Because h' has cuckold, shall he kill me too?
I'd rather far *Mertilla* should comply,
'Tis gen'rous, and less Crime than languish for
the Joy.---

For lovely *Silvia* I'd expose each part,
I'd draw my Sword for her that has my Heart.
But for a Wife! that we for Int'rest wed,
And one who fears not to abuse my Bed:
Who kisses, fawns, and flatters to my Face,
Thinks of my Rival in the loath'd Embrace.
The Wife I love, that when the Action's o'er,
Pursues the Conqueror, and will own the Whore;
That might be pardon'd, and would Pity move,
The World would say, she was undone by Love.
Your poor dissembling Tricks I plainly see,
Mertilla, and they ne'er can pardon'd be.
I now am left free to my *Silvia's* Flame,
A Lover am, without a Brother's Name.

Thus, oh my beauteous and my lovely Fair,
I've sent my inmost Thoughts on this Affair,
And hope you'll think that I have Reason too
To leave *Mertilla*, and lay claim to you.
Marry myself by my eternal Vows,
Stronger than Priest and common Method shews.

At present there's no other way but this,
To make me happy, and my *Silvia* bless.

I die to see you.

Eternal happy Lover, and

Philander.



LETTER V.

TO *SILVIA*.

NO sooner, *Silvia*, I th' inclos'd had done,
When News was brought, you was from
Belfont gone.

I then deferr'd to send my Letters there,
And with Impatience hop'd t' have seen you here.
For oh! my lovely *Silvia*, I'm so vain,
To think my fancy'd Silence caus'd you Pain.
But sure my *Silvia* so well knows my Soul,
She knows no Business can my Thoughts controul.
I know they'll rather an Excuse invent,
And think't occasion'd by some Accident.
No; should the Nation sink, the City burn,
Should all its Splendor into Ashes turn,
Yet unconcern'd I'd sing of *Silvia's* Love,
Which

Which neither Time nor Fortune shall remove;
 The vast Idea of my youthful Maid
 Is rooted in my Soul, and ne'er will fade.
 Altho' th' Original should lose its Charms,
 Render'd by Time less blooming in my Arms.
 Yet in my Soul you ever will appear,
 (Believe me, *Silvia*) glorious, young, and fair.
 Why, cruel *Silvia*, are my Joys delay'd,
 And why by your Commands thus wretched made?
 A tedious, melancholy Age is past,
 My fair Tormenter, since I saw you last;
 Since I beheld the Nymph that I adore,
 Four tedious, live-long Days are number'd o'er:
 Unreasonable! to think that I should live,
 And such a cruel Absence could survive.
 But that I do, I find by weighty Cares,
 By painful Torments, Jealousies, and Fears.
 Tho' I i'th' Senate every Day appear,
 To give my Voice, my Thoughts are never there.
 My Soul, my ev'ry Thought, are *Silvia's* all,
 On whose dear Name each Day, ten thousand
 times I call.

My melancholy Change is evident,
 And ev'ry one perceives my Discontent.
 Our Party fear I shall their Cause betray,
 'Till by new Oaths I drive those Fears away.
 New Arguments I use, their Doubts remove,
 Then they all smile, and say I am in Love.
 That they'd believe, but that they plainly see
 All Women are indifferent to me.

Thus

Thus while I dare not venture to impart
To any one the Secrets of my Heart,
The Flame burns inward, and torments me so,
I fear my *Silvia*'ll lose her Love and Lover too :
For those few Charms she said I did enjoy,
This fatal Distance quickly will destroy.
I rave to see you, and my Reason flies,
Till 'tis restor'd again by *Silvia*'s Eyes,
At *Belfont*, where it is to be confest,
I've often been (too innocently) blest !
There let me view the Goddess of the Grove,
Who whilst I gaze, shall gently sigh for Love ;
And whilst I touch her Hands, behold her Eyes
To languish, and her Bosom fall and rise
With short, uncertain Breath, as soft as those
That gently glide upon the new-blown Rose.
But what Perfumes it yields his Pains to heal,
When't whispers out that Love it dares not tell !
What Pow'r then held thee from my trembling
Arms,
Kept me from rising all thy beauteous Charms ?
Should suffer not Respect nor Awe to move,
But follow all the Dictates of my Love.
What is't a Love so vi'lent can detain ?
Oh sacred Maid ! admit me there again,
That I may find what envious Deity
Thus checks my Flame, and robs me of my Joy.

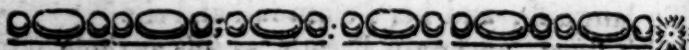
And

And you may too by the Experience find,
Why to *Philander* you are so unkind.

Your impatient Adorer,

Philander.

*My Page is ill, and I'm obliged
to trust Brilliard with these to the
dear Cottage of their Rendez-vous;
send me your Opinion of his Fidelity;
and oh! remember I die to see
you.*



LETTER VI.

TO PHILANDER.

NOT yet?---not yet? when will the Time
draw near,
That from *Philander* I at last shall hear?
Two tedious Days and restless Nights I've borne,
Yet still am here, forgotten, and forlorn.
Ye undiverting Hours, there is not one
That Ease affords, I count, and drag ye on,
A heavy Load, and bless you when you're gone.

I've

I've nothing now that can me entertain,
My Couch is tiresom, and my Glafs is vain,
Dull are my Books, and stupid is Discourse,
They're insupportable, and make me worse.
Your Letters I review, they bring no Ease,
Nor Birds, nor Grove, nor nothing now can
please.

Oh! ye just Gods! What Fate's reserv'd for
me?

Thus I can't live, nor surely thus shall die.

Let us, my Brother, wise and silent be,
And strive t'expel th'infectious Malady.

Let us, my Brother, let us here sit down,
Pursue the Crime of Love no further on.

Call me your Sister, swear that I am so,
No other Name but Sister let me know.

For oh! 'twere happier that I never were,
Than any Title but your Sister bear.

Brother's the Name I always will repeat,
And that of Lover utterly forget.

Ha! a Fit of Vertue does controul,

Alarms my Spirits, and informs my Soul,
And bids me ask my charming Brother, why

He still pursues a Maid that cannot fly?

Unkind; why did you such Advantage take
Of Freedoms, given for my Sister's sake.

I smil'd, I play'd, and sometimes kiss'd you too,
All which I thought a Sister might allow.

Suffer'd your Hands to wander and to rove,
Not conscious of the Treachery of Love.

None

None could the Opportunity have had,
 Except a Brother: I'm by that betray'd.
 I play'd away my Heart, which soon you won,
 Being all the while insensible 'twas gone.
 I wonder'd at the Meaning, and the Cause,
 Of all my sleepless Nights, and tedious Days ;
 I wonder'd at my slumbring Dreams of you,
 My Soul too fill'd with Wishes wholly new :
 All this I thought was to my Sister due,
 'Till Jealousy discover'd 'twas not so.
 For whilst she kiss'd that Face that I adore,
 My Colour chang'd, was discompos'd all o'er.
 My Blood enrag'd, my Limbs all trembled too,
 And I could scarce forbear reproaching you.
 You sometimes would perceive my great Concern,
 At which you'd smile ; you quickly can discern
 What secret Springs do my Disorder move,
 (Curse on the time) who've been before in Love.
 Then wantonly you'd turn and play with me,
 When sullen with my Jealousy I fly.
 Yet as I fly, I wish you would pursue,
 And that was what you never fail'd to do.
 And there, as soon as the kind Quarrel's o'er,
 All Crimes were pardon'd, and thought on no
 more.

And all this while my Sister, void of Fears,
 Laugh'd, and made Sport at our delusive Wars.
 Still I not guess'd, but still was ignorant,
 'Till a most fatal time inform'd me what it meant.

Thus

Thus was I lost, and thus my Heart was won,
And all my Stars assist my Ruin on.
Now of the fatal Conquest you are sure,
You slight the Trifle, and will write no more.
Nor with you, nor without you can be blest'd,
Must either die, or yield to your Request.

Silvia.

If Dorillus comes not with a Letter, or that my Page, whom I have sent to his Cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot support my Life; for oh! Philander, I have a thousand wild distracting Fears, knowing how you are involved in the Interest you have espoused with the young Cesario, how Danger surrounds you, how your Life and Glory depends on the frail Secrecy of Villains and Rebels: O give me leave to fear eternally your Fame and Life, if not your Love. If Silvia could command, Philander should be loyal as he's noble; and what generous Mind would not suspect his Vows to a Mistress, who breaks 'em with his Prince and Master? Heaven preserve you and your Glory.

LETTER

LETTER VII.
TO PHILANDER.

ANother tedious Night does slowly move,
Oh Heavens! and yet no Letter from my
Love.

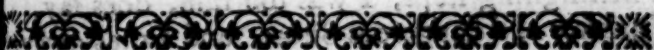
What happy Place contains you from my sight,
If you're in Heav'n, I'll thither raise my Flight.
If here, why'll not some little God then bring
The grateful Tidings on his painted Wing.
If sick, why then is not my Heart sick too,
And by its Sympathy inform me so?
My Heart's all active, vigorous, and strong,
Wishing, impatient of Delays so long.
If false, why will not that kind Tyrant Death,
Approach in dead of night, and stop my Breath?
That welcome Help to those who're in Despair,
And tole the dismal Tidings in my Ear:
Lay me for ever silent in the Dust,
Quite to the World, and my false Charmer lost.

But if you by a sense of Honour move,
And mine you will prefer before your Love:
If of your Passion I no more must hear,
I fear the Tryal's more than I can bear;

Or is't a Fit, only a Trick to try,
 And guess the Standard of my Passion by?
 Heaven knows, alas! I have no Guile or Art,
 Nor any double Meaning in my Heart;
 By Nature soft, by Love 'twas tender made,
 Like trembling Doves pursu'd, as much afraid.
 Alas! where will it end, but wou'd I were,
 Not fully satisfied in all my Fear;
 Whilst I'm in doubt, I never can have rest,
 Doubt is the worst Tormenter of my Breast.
 Oh! my *Philander*, let me know your Will,
 And do not thus be cruel while you kill.
 O quickly, let me quickly have a Line,
 To know that you're at all, or that you're mine.

*I rave, I die for
 some Relief.*

Silvia.



LETTER VIII.

TO *PHILANDER*.

AS I th' inclos'd was going to send to you,
Dorillas hither posting came with two.
 Nor can *Philander* e'er himself persuade,
 What reason h'has to call me fickle Maid.

Nor

Nor can you guess at the tormenting Pain,
'Twixt Love and cruel Honour I sustain;
'Tis not an Hour the Hand of Time has mov'd,
Since I was all despairing, raging Love.
But since your Letters have dispers'd those Cares,
And given a little respite to my Fears;
Like a luxurious and ungrateful State,
Rebel against the Power that made it great.
The Traytor Honour heads the Mutineers,
Honour, which late was famish'd by my Fears,
Is now reviv'd; by your protested Flame,
Does War against almighty Love proclaim.
I who but now nobly resolv'd to love,
Inconstancy and Fears those Thoughts remove.
So the despairing Man stands on the side
O'th' River's Bank, to plunge into the Tide.
'Till coward Fears his tim'rous Soul surround,
He views once more the flow'ry Plains around;
Then fighting stops, I was too rash, does say,
Forfakes the dangerous Shore, and hastes away.

Thus indiscreet was I, was all for Love,
'Till glorious Honour did those Thoughts remove.
I must be brave, resolve I will be so;
My Father can't forget, nor Sister too;
Can you to Prostitution e'er seduce
One, fit a Race of Heroes to produce?
A Maid unspotted, and of noble Blood:
I hate you now; at least I wish I cou'd.

Tell me, beguiling Charmer, tell me why,
The Fault alone does in *Mertilla* lie,
And say, will it be Vertue then in me.
Can I believe the Crime that made you part
Your Love, can make me Mistress of your Heart?
No; if our House by her's dishonour'd been,
By all my Actions it shall brighter shine;
Nor will *Mertilla's* Honour lessen'd be,
By false Opinion of your Jealousy.
The Prince perhaps *Mertilla* may pursue,
As much in vain as *Silvia* is by you.

The envying busy World talks loud I know;
But oh! if all that Babler says were true,
I pray what vertuous Lady is there fam'd?
Or where a Husband but is Cuckold nam'd?
And oh! how much would your inglorious Flame
Fill our unhappy noble House with Shame!
Whilst you *Mertilla's* Honour do destroy,
In hopes by that you *Silvia* may enjoy;
Your Passion for *Mertilla* was as great:
The Oaths you make, and pay now at my feet,
Are but the faint, the feeble ecchoing o'er
Of what you sigh'd and paid at her's before.
Like *Paris* with your Prize you made escape,
Your fond, your eager Passion made a Rape.

O rather let me die than call to mind,
When he to any was, but *Silvia* kind.
Oh! let it not be possible to be,
He e'er another grasp'd with Joy, but me.

But

But yet he did, with eager Transport mov'd,
 Yes, yes, the base, the false *Mertilla* lov'd.
 False as she is, but yet you lov'd her too,
 I know you did, and I will have it so.
 Yes, yes, beyond all Pardon false she was,
 Nor shall the Sister in me plead her Cause.
 You've all the Beauty Heaven can bestow,
 Exactly shap'd, art not too tall, nor low,
 And all that look upon you must admire,
 Feel everlasting Wishes, soft Desire—
 But oh! when we behold your lovely Face—
 With large black Eyes,—plump Lips, and every
 Grace,

White Teeth, Complexion fine, a beauteous Turn—
 Ye Gods!—-who can behold it and not burn?—
 And when you spoke, whene'er you spoke of
 Love,

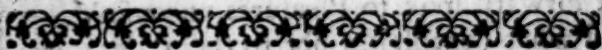
Twould much beyond the young *Cesar* move.
 O false *Mertilla*, foolish and ingrate,
 To lose your Love; she does deserve the Fate.
 She was not worth retaining in your Mind,
 Nor worthy of your Weapon to defend.—

But oh! *Philander*, grant her false to be,
 How, how does that entitle you to me?
 False as she is, yet still you married are,
 No breach of Nuptial Tie can break the Snare
 When she was born, sure Fortune did design
 The Ruin of us all, but chiefly mine.

The unfortunate

Silvia

LETTER



LETTER IX.
To *SILVIA*.

MY charming Fair, my Soul's eternal Joy,
How durst you, knowing my fond Heart,
to try

Such rigid Means, and what's the Reason now,
You will defend *Mertilla's* Virtue so; }
Is it a Question if she's false or no? }

A poor Excuse, your Love was never true,
False, charming Woman! I'm undone by you.

I must, you fickle and inconstant Maid,

I (with Resentment) burst, and must upbraid.

You're cruel, thus your Lover to perplex,

Falsest, and most malicious of your Sex:

Perhaps these Tricks might serve a new Desire,

But damp the Fierceness of my settled Fire.

In *Silvia's* Breast sure no Deceit does lie,

I in her Meaning must mistaken be.

Let not a faithless Wife no more controul,

But banish her thy Thoughts, as she's my Soul.

C

Not

Not in a Dream let her affright your Mind,
 But forward look to Pleasures unconfin'd,
 And what contributes not to them, let's leave
 behind.

Oh ! lovely *Silvia*, since I saw you last,
 Remember that five tedious Days are past ;
 Five Days, to one who loves to such a Rage
 As your *Philander*, is a tedious Age.
 The Morn twice three has told, *Brilliard* by
 Eight

Will on my Charmer for an Answer wait ;
 By Ten, I hope I shall Permission have,
 To lay down at your Feet your humble Slave.
 If you design this Bliss, contrive it so,
 That I not any other see, but you ;
 Lest they suspect our Business to be Love,
 For that Discovery will our Ruin prove.

Thus from my Fair I will no longer stay,
 My longing Soul's impatient with Delay,
 Longer to live without it, I've no Pow'r,
 By Heav'ns I die for the appointed Hour ;
 You'll say when you behold my dying Eyes ;
 How I'm to Love become a Sacrifice.

My Soul's Delight, perhaps you'll not comply
 To th' Blessing ask'd, but will thro' Fear deny.
 Oh tho' I faint but with the Thought o'th' Joy,
 T' have *Silvia* in the dark, and no one by,
 Yet me you shall secure by Oaths and Ties,
 Shall bind my busy Hands, or blind my Eyes.

Command

Command my Tongue, in all shall have your
Choice,

If you'll but let me hear your Angel's Voice.

Oh let me plead a little for my Love,

And let me strive your Terrors to remove;

And tho' that mighty Task can't make me blest,

'Twill be a Satisfaction, at the least,

To know from whence do the Misfortunes flow,

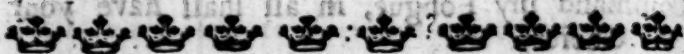
Which I your wretched Slave now undergo.

*I have ordered Brilliard to wait your Commands
at Dorillus's Cottage, that he may not be seen at
Belfont; resolve to see me to-night, or I shall come
without order, and injure both. My dear, damn'd
Wife is dispos'd of at a Ball Cesario makes to-night;
the Opportunity will be lucky; not that I fear her
Jealousy, but the Effects of it.*

Philander.



C 2 LETTER



LETTER X.

TO PHILANDER.

I Tremble at the Thoughts of your Desire,
 Nor know I, how to grant what you require.
 Yet I must own (and blushing own) my Breast,
 Will yield Obedience to your soft Request.
 And whilst your Letter read, contriving was,
 For an Appointment in a proper Place;
 For tho' as Brother you the Freedom gain,
 And me have Liberty to entertain,
 'Tis difficult, and prejudicial too,
 Without my Sister to be seen with you.
 Make those suspect who are about me now,
 What none, except my Confident, should know.
 Were't not for that, my charming Brother, we
 For five long Days would not thus separate be.
 So hard you press, I must pronounce my Doom,
 And whither Love invites, *Philander*, come. —
 Take this Direction in this grand Affair,
 To th' Cottage of *Dorillus* straight repair,
 Let none but *Brilliard* attend you there.
 He's one I think that may entrusted be,
 There wait 'till you receive Commands from me.

I will retire, pretending to be ill,
 To my Apartment; soon *Melinda* will,
 When Ev'ning does permit, admit my Love
 In at the Garden-Gate that's next the Grove.
 But oh! thou powerful Charmer, have a care,
 I trust you with my all; for oh! I fear
 My Forces all have not enough of Arms,
 To stand the Shock of your vast Beauties Charms.
 You've Charms to justify my yielding too,
 But that I would not for an Empire do.
 But what's dull Empire to almighty Love,
 Which does too pow'rful for the Monarch prove?
 'Tis on your Strength that all my Hope relies,
 For I am quite disarm'd by your fair Eyes.

What tho' *Mertilla* has disgrac'd our House,
 I'll die before I will my Honour lose.
 I will redeem our injur'd Family,
 My Parents Virtues all shall shine in me.
 And this I know, when I have pass'd this Test,
 Can the Temptation stand of all the rest.
 But this I must conjure you, if there's need,
 If languishing I look, incline your Aid;
 If but a Wish there glimmers in my Eyes,
 Or I betray Consent in gentle Sighs;
 Oh take not hold o'th' Opportunity,
 Lest I grow raging mad, and all destroy.

Who with such odds would stand an Enemy,
 What hardy Fool would venture all at Sea,
 That sees the rising Storm come rolling on?
 Who, but fond Woman, would be thus undone!

Tho' I perceive, and do the Danger know,
 Altho' I see it, must permit it too;
 Love, soft, bewitching Love will have it so.
 Honour forbids, and while I quake for fear,
 I think't an Age 'till my Undoing's near.
 A thousand times a-day these Thoughts molest,
 And raise a thousand Conflicts in my Breast:
 One while a thousand little *Cupids* shew,
 And represent *Philander* to my View,
 With all the Charms they're able to bestow,
 All soft, all lovely, all bewitching too.

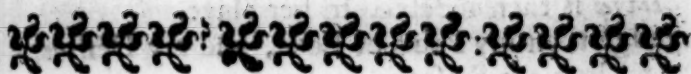
On t'other hand, a Virgin that's undone,
 Sighing, to Shades and Fountains makes her
 Moan.

Filling the silent Woods with dismal Cries,
 Swelling the Brooks with Rivers from her Eyes:
 Her Parents with a gen'rous Rage upbraid,
 Her Sister loading Curses on her Head,
 All Looks about her seem forlorn and sad.
 Oh! judge, my charming Brother, at th' Extent,
 The Vastness of my Love, which all this can't
 prevent.

This dismal Prospect never shall controul,
 Nor ever drive *Philander* from my Soul.

Silvia.

LETTER



LETTER XI.

TO SILVIA.

NO sooner did your Letter reach my Hands,
 But I obey'd my *Silvia's* dear Commands.
 I took my Horse, to *Belfont* posted strait,
 Tho' you, I knew, I should not see 'till Eight.
 But yet 'twill wondrous Satisfaction prove,
 To be so much the nearer to my Love.
 The Hand of Time points now the Hour of Three,
 'Tis still an Age e'er I can happy be.
 How many tedious Hours must I languish here,
 'Till Night permits me to behold my Dear.
 I know my *Silvia* loves, and none but you
 Can tell the Torments that I undergo.
 A certain trembling Joy my Spirits seize;
Silvia alone can guess at my Disease.
 She surely loves, if there's in Beauty Truth,
 She loves *Philander* if there's Faith in Youth:
 As she's above her duller Sex refin'd,
 More soft her Soul, more delicate her Mind,
 More elevate her Wits, so will she prove
 Beyond the rest more capable of Love.

If Passion in return should Passion have,
Silvia is then indebted to her Slave.
 Judge then my Pains of Love, and my Desires,
 And let your Presence cool my raging Fires;
 Behind the Grove when Evening does appear,
 Imagine that you see *Philander* there.
 'Talking to th' silent Trees of *Silvia's* Charms,
 And circling round my Heart my folded Arms,
 That bears the more, as it approaches near.
 The happy *Belfont*, that contains my Fair.
 The feeble Trembler strive to fortify,
 Lest by the Power of her vast Charms I die.
 If up in *Silvia's* Arms my Life I give,
 'Tis better than without her here to live.

Q send, my Angel, something while I'm here,
 That tedious Hours may not so long appear:
 Love me, and feel the Torments that I have,
 The sooner at your Feet, find your eternal Slave.

From Dorillus's Cottage,

Philander.



LETTER



LETTER XII.

TO PHILANDER.

I'VE just recover'd Sense, to tell you how
 I was in danger by the last from you;
 'Tis true, *Dorillus*, with a prudent Thought
 Had put it underneath some Fruit he brought,
 As judging that to be the safest Way,
 Your Lines without suspicion to convey:
 My Mother, seeing the Fruit so fair and fresh,
 The Basket took, and calling for a Dish
 To put them out, he'd Opportunity,
 What at the Bottom lay to hint to me.
 Oh Heavens! had *Philander* then but seen,
 What Fright and what Confusion I was in!
 What should I do? Love no Invention had,
 And all the Subtlety of Women fled.
 Ye Gods! how on a sudden pale I grew,
 Lest this unlucky Chance should all undo!

But not with Fears too much to rack your Mind,
 The Fruit pour'd out, the Letter stay'd behind:
 Some Leaves of Fern at bottom were between,
 Which by good Fortune kept the Letter in.

I took the Basket, careless walk'd, until
 My Mother of the Fruit had eat her fill,
 And then retir'd to my Apartment, where
 Op'ning your Letter, finding you so near,
 Was seiz'd with something new, lost all my Pow'r,
 And certainly had fell down on the Floor,
 Had not *Melinda*, who alone was by,
 When she perceiv'd me faint, supported me.
 At thought of such a secret Interview,
 My Senses fled, Life was departing too.
 Such the Effects of Love and Honour are,
 Such the impetuous Tides of Joy and Fear;
 That with such vast Extreame come rolling on,
 Quite overwhelm me, and my Senses drown.

'Twas for some time before I could obtain
 Enough of Strength to read your Lines again,
 A thousand Changes in my Features rose,
 My Mass of Blood was wholly compos'd,
 And in a Minute several times in turn,
 Am froze with Ague, or with Fever burn.
 Oh! what do all these raging Fits portend!
 Where will they bring me to, where will they
 end!

I faint, the useless Paper I lie o'er,
 My guilty Hand can guide the Pen no more—
 O some Divinity assist me now—
 Yet fear I shall be angry if you do—
 To you, *Philander*, oh! my lovely Saint!
 A thousand Thoughts crowd out to make Com-
 plaint.

But

But oh! in mixing they themselves inthrall,
 Nor Love, nor Art, can e'er describe 'em all.
 Sometimes with utmost Transport strive to tell,
 The Joys that I at your Arrival feel;
 That I shall hear you panting at my Feet,
 When you your soft, your tender Vows repeat,
 With all the Passion of impatient Love,
 With all that Tears and Eloquence can move,
 With all the Rhetorick of broken Sighs,
 With streaming Fountains from those lovely
 Eyes——

Sure that's enough to conquer any where,
 To which dull, vulgar Words but stupid are,
 The Rhetorick of Love of these are made,
 How much, alas too, do all these persuade!
 And how do they not charm and conquer too!
 'Twas these soft Arts did *Silvia* first undo.
 No Arts of speaking surely ever cou'd
 Have talk'd away my Heart, tho' you talk'd like
 a God.——

What is't I say, and whither am I drove?
 'Twas not my purpose now to talk of Love——
 Begin to talk of what Discourse you will,
 My Soul yet sounds to Love, there ends it still;
 Insensibly its Byass is inclin'd,
 For my *Philander's* ever in my Mind.
 When I began, I did not think to speak
 What I have said, to shew you I'm so weak;
 But with what Honour, Courage, Virtue too,
 'Tis I am arm'd with, to receive you now.

My lovely Brother offer what you please,
Love sure was never made to ruin these.

Yet I a private Affignation give,
Shall you alone, and in the dark receive,
Where Night, where Silence, and where Shades
conspire,

To raise your Passion, and excite Desire;
Whilst Heaven knows, I've none of these my
Friend,

Nor one kind Pow'r that will Assistance lend;
I shall be left expos'd to these and you,
No other Guard but Virtue in my view.
And which indeed had need be wond'rous great,
So many pow'rful Rivals to defeat.

Its Strength, alas! as yet, I scarcely know,
This the first Time 'twas e'er expos'd to you,
For I by stealth you ne'er receiv'd before,
Nor put myself unguarded in your Pow'r;
And O! I shall with Apprehension die,
Of the approaching Danger that's so nigh,
And yet I have no Pow'r to turn away,
For Love compels me, and I must obey.

The smiling Flatt'rer shews a thousand Loves,
That seem as harmless as his Mother's Doves,
They bill and kiss, a thousand things they do,
All which I must forbid *Philander* now,
For I with Sighs have often heard him say,
He with the Tyrant could not bear to play;
My very Touches I have seen him fly,
Yet swear they were on Earth the greatest Joy;

I tempt him with my Looks from Virtue's Laws,
 And when I cry he's cold, and ask the Cause,
 He says his Blood runs hotter in his Veins,
 He feels such Fires as no one else sustains;
 Nor have the Joys h'has reap'd in Marriage-Bed,
 At all abated, or its Fury laid.

Thus, thus whole Days we sat, we gaze, we sigh,
 Yet durst not Vertue with fond Dalliance try.

Madam the Dutchess is to *Belfont* come,
 And I must quit with much Regret my Room:
 I'm better now employ'd, had rather stay,
 But Love sometimes must to *Devoir* give way:
Dorillus waits, and tells *Melinda* too,
 He'll not depart without a Line to you.

And oh! my charming Brother, you've an Art
 That Softness can to Salvages impart,
 A Way to Gentleness, can Mildness move,
 A Tongue can give the rough unthinking Love.
 And O'till Night 'twill be a tedious Day,
 How shall I pass the heavy Hours away.

Silvia.



LETTER



LETTER XIII.
TO SILVIA.

SAY, whither am I brought, fond Love, by thee?

Who from the Hurries of the Town am free,
Where Noise of Courts on am'rous Thoughts intrude,

But now am blest'd with charming Solitude;
I'm come to thy Abodes, thou chus'st to dwell,
With rural Swains, in shady, homely Cell.
Thou'st brought me where all gay, all pleasant seems,

To Groves of Flowers, to Brink of purling Streams;

There thou hast laid me down, to think away
The tedious Hours that measure out the Day:
With all the softest Thoughts you can inspire,
Where all I see and hear increase my Fire,
The gentle Wind around me softly blows,
Mixing itself among the bending Boughs;
They, like a tender Maid, at first seem coy,
Resist by turns, and do by turns comply,

That

That rudely does its spring-dress'd Love embrace,
 And like a ravish'd Lover rushes on apace;
 Whilst Love on bending Bows by Birds is made,
 Incessantly they love, and duller Man upbraid;--
 Man, Lord of all! is it not pity he
 I'th' greatest Joy of Life should stinted be?
 Amongst th' Inhabitants of Streams and Groves,
 No rigid Honour contradicts their Loves,
 No Parents checking there their dear Delights,
 No slavish Ties, or Matrimonial Rites,
 No Spies, their Assignations to molest,
 Each free receives his Lover in his Nest;
 Between the Pair no Ceremonies prove,
 But only meeting, look, and like, and love;
 Embrace with op'ning Bills and wingy Arms,
 This is their Courtship, thus each other charms;
 Their am'rous Complement is only this,
 As introductive to their following Bliss;
 While scantied Man, with all his Eloquence,
 Must labour on with Hazard, and Expence,
 A tedious term of Years, with Care and Pain;
 Then too, perhaps, his Sighs and Tears are vain.
 Tell me, ye fleecy Herds, do you thus sigh,
 Wait for your Ewes 'till Shades of Night are
 nigh?
 No, no; for you are far more blest'd than Man,
 Who's bound and fetter'd up with Honour's
 Chain.

My

Tha

My lovely Maid, thus were my Thoughts employ'd,

When I *Dorillus* with your Letter spy'd;
With much ado he brought it me, he said,
That there had like t'ave been Discovery made.
I were undone, if any Accident

The seeing you to-night should me prevent.

With fear of Disappointment raving lie,

And tho' for you a thousand Deaths I'd die,

Prevent my suffering, *Silvia*, if you can,

M' impatient Heart will not itself contain,

'Till I am nearer to your lovely Charms,

Behold 'em with my Eyes, enfold 'em in my
Arms. —

Put me not off with foolish Honour now,

Found out to jilt Mankind; for if you do,

By Heavens, then I'll all Respect remove,

Force to your Presence with my raging Love,

Own you are mine, and ravish my Delight,

All *Belfont's* Walls sha'n't keep you from my sight

Nay, *Silvia*, nay, persuade me not, for you

Will make me mad, then find th' Effects on't

Pardon my frantick Love, my sacred Maid.

I paus'd, and walk'd, and thought on what I
said:

And found it was too bold, too rude, too much,

My soft, my tender *Silvia* to approach.

I'm now as hush as secret Sighs appear,

As calm as thy bewitching Smiles, my Fair.

I'd rather die than offer to offend,
 But wish my Fate you'd to me hither send;
 While I expect it on this mossy Bed,
 Where I repose my Limbs, and restless Head:
 Which Place I would not for an Empire give,
 Since here the News the soonest may arrive,
 And here in face of Heaven send my Vows,
 I'll not abuse the Freedom *Silvia* shows.
 My boundless Love to Honour's Rules shall stand,
 For you, my Fair, shall with a Frown command;
 Shall cover up my longing Eyes in Bands,
 And pinion too my busy, roving Hands:
 Like a tame Captive at your Feet shall have,
 Your faithful, constant, and adoring Slave,

Philander.



LETTER XIV.

TO *PHILANDER*.

A Pproach you Queen of Night, aid our De-
 sign,
Philander bring, veil'd from all Eyes but mine.
 With

With Ceremony tir'd, to th' God of Day
 I panting lie, and blame his tedious Stay ;
 'Thou Deity descend to *Thetis*' Arms,
 That I may then enjoy *Philander*'s Charms.
 Favour'd by thee, O sacred, silent Night,
 The Sun and I must revel in Delight.
 See, see, th' inamour'd Sun hastes on apace,
 That he his lovely Mistress may embrace ;
 Advance, my Goddess, Confident, and Guide,
 My Transports, Tremblings, soft Confusions hide
 A thousand things I've done to ease the Day,
 But nothing can, all's dull when you're away.
 The solitary Shades that us'd relieve,
 Afflict me more, no Satisfaction give ;
 But then at last I to my Pen repair,
 For whilst I write, methinks that you are here.
 This sort of Converse my Soul never tires,
 But yet to know it right, it Looks requires,
 Rhetorick in Looks and silent Touches dwell,
 In secret Sighs, which all things else excel,
 The Accent in the Sound of Words too brings
 A soft and meaning Sense to little things,
 Which of themselves of trivial Value are,
 Oft shew what their own Meaning will not bear--
 I would infer, the Story of the Heart,
 By Presence only 'tis we can impart.
 You understand what 'tis I mean, I'm sure,
 Which t' all, but to a Lover, seems obscure ;
 You, who have Notions of true Love so well,
 Know more than I can on that Subject tell :

If in describing of the Soul I'm weak,
Then you can help me out---*Philander* speak;
Will you not answer me?—But where art thou?
I neither touch, nor see, nor hear thee too,
And when I rush with Transport on apace,
'Tis only empty Shadow I embrace.
Why com'st thou not? and why so cautious too?
To wait the Night that hastens on so slow?
O why, cold Lover, do you thus delay?—
But I grow wild, and know not what I say;
T' a thousand Follies Love betrays me on;
I die with shame, but yet must be undone
By my own Weakness, by your Charms, or how,
It is no matter, for 'tis destin'd so.

Two tedious Hours of Love there now are past,
Tho' you're so near, since I receiv'd your last,
What are you doing? are you not unkind?
Don't *Silvia* lie neglected in your Mind?
Say, say, thou lovely Charmer say, does not
The Business of the State make *Silvia* be forgot?
Say, is not *Silvia* banish'd from your Heart,
To let that haughty Tyrant have a Part?
Philander! oh I more than fear she is.
When I look forward on our coming Bliss,
When e'er the Thoughts of Honour I remove,
Indulge myself to give a loose to Love,
I never in that pleasing Way run far,
That Thought still puts a Stop to my Career,
I've a prophetick Fear, which if proves true,
Your entring in the League will both undo.

Yes,

Yes, my dear Lord, my fearful Soul presag'd
 Some dire Event, from what you have engag'd.
 Your Reasoning can't above my Senses prove,
 For inconsistent's the Design with Love;
 For Love, Ambition, and Revenge, can ne'er
 Have all together in one Soul a Share;
 Love can at least have but a slender Part,
 When Blood and Revenge (miscall'd Glory) rules
 the Heart.

This Notion, as I speak, gains greater Pow'r,
 The more I think on't; does increase the more;
 While full of it, pray give me leave to lay
 Before you, Reasons Love and I think fit to say—
Philander, what you've hitherto enjoy'd,
 And what I've out of Modesty deny'd,
 I've Reason still to fear from what you've gain'd,
 By some Event the rest may be obtain'd;
 Some time the Thief may rob me of it too,
 Both Fame and Virtue too Love laughs at now;
 My Dear, unhappy State b'ing thus, I may
 In some unlucky Hour give all away;
 In some bewitching Moment yield my Charms,
 Without Resistance, to *Philander's* Arms;
 If so then, where is my Security,
 If by the Victor I abandon'd be?
 'Tis not your Vows I can rely upon,
 Tho' I believe 'em, yet shall be undone,
 Tho' you should keep 'em, I believe you will,
 You can't secure the dear Protestor, still

Your

Your Marriage is enough ; yet you espouse
A Cause that's more destructive to Repose ;
'Tis fit to tell how fatal it will prove,
For when you're here, we talk of nought but Love.

Consider, you are nobly born ; possess
The Smiles of Fortune, even to excess ;
You've all the Brav'ry that Mankind adore,
Wit, Courage, Beauty, Youth ; what wou'd you
more ?

What is it, O my lovely Brother, then,
What is there more than these you can attain ?
Is't Glory ? O mistaken Youth ! your Name
By that is blasted, and your honest Fame
To future Ages hated will appear ;
Traitor's the worst of Titles you can bear.

What has our good, our gracious Monarch
done

To injure you, or even any one ?
Who has he yet unjustly e'er chastiz'd ?
What Orphan wrong'd, or Widow's Tears de-
spis'd ?

But all his Life a Miracle has been,
All good, all gracious, merciful, serene ?
This godlike King's a Sacrifice design'd,
To th' private Pique of few ambitious Minds ;
And whose Pretence is for the Publick Good ;
Thus he's by Rebels doom'd to lose his Blood.

A Murder ! that's abhor'd by th' meanest Slave,
To murder one unarm'd ! O barbarous ! unbrave !

What

What Wretch can there be found, when that is done,

That after dares the Hellish Deed to own?

'Tis plain, 'tis great, 'tis glorious to believe,
What, if you'll think, you will yourself conceive,
That those who're Traytors, Murd'ers, and rebel,

Are's far from Glory as is Heav'n from Hell?

Is it to add more Thousands to your Pyle,

T'enlarge your Fortunes by another's Spoil?

Is't for more Titles? what can you enjoy
More than you have? but that of Loyalty:

That's of more Value, Lustre, and more Good,
Than Crowns to gain by Treason and by Blood-

Or if it is to make *Cesario* King,

If 'tis at Monarchy that you design,

Why then this gracious King will you not own?

Who so was born, by Nature holds his Crown;

By Right of Law, by Right of heavenly Powers,

Heav'n has preserv'd him, and confirm'd him
ours,

Would you destroy? and would you dispossess

This Gift; this real Good which we possess?

Would you turn out a King of his Deserts;

To put in one without Right, Law, or Parts?

One who himself ne'er signaliz'd---scarce known,

Nor for the Nation one good Act has done:

Philander, O you may believe this Rule,

Nothing is so unruly as a Fool;

Philander, then decline him, early too,
 For you and all the rest ought so to do:
 Remember then *Mertilla*, cease t' adorn
 With Diadems his Head, who yours did una-
 dorn—

Think, think of this, thou inconsiderate Youth,
 Look in thy Heart, and tell thyself the Truth;
 I many Reasons more than these can give,
 But what comes first, I beg you would receive:
 Th' Association I perceive will be
 Th' eternal Ruin of yourself and me.

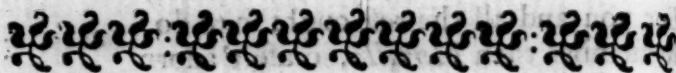
If you succeed, or not, we're both undone,
 You *Silvia*, or *Cesario*, must disown:
 Love and Ambition can't at once intend,
 Where one begins, the other must have end:
 These are my Thoughts, without them you
 convince,

For you can do't with godlike Eloquence,
 And whilst I hear, take all for wond'rous Sense.
 In two Hours time I shall expect my Love,
 Is waiting ready at the Garden Grove.

Adieu, remember

Silvia.

LETTER



LETTER XV.
To *SILVIA*.

HOW comes it, *Silvia*, that so skill'd you
prove
In State-Affairs, whose Tongue was form'd for
Love?

And when I gave away my Soul, 'tis true,
I trusted what concern'd my Life with you.
My gen'rous Heart lov'd at no lesser rate,
Than into *Silvia's* Power to put my Fate.
'Tis glorious Ruin; and 'twill please me too,
Since 't does the Love I bear to *Silvia* shew,
For those we love should ev'ry Secret know.
A Treason 'tis in Love, to hide a part
From those we've made a Present of our Heart.
Those who don't love like me, may be so bold,
To blame me 'cause I have the Secret told,
But when the Story Lovers shall peruse,
The Maids shall bless me, and the Men excuse.
I shall a fond, admir'd Example shew,
For the reserving Lovers to pursue:

Ап

And what is meant by Women's Weakness too,
Is sure an Error, were they all like you;
If they your Wit, your Courage do retain,
They certainly were fit to rule, and reign;
And Man was born robust and strong alone,
Them to secure, in safety on their Throne;
Altho' he boasts of his Prerogative,
Obedience to their Sex must always give.

My Share of Empire, I ye Gods resign,
And in the room, let mighty Love be mine.
Oh let me labour still, and toil to gain,
But let the lovely, charming *Silvia* reign.
Led at her Chariot-Wheels, I ask no more,
To gaze, and still the Conqueress adore,
I long the Victor of my Soul to see,
Adorn'd with Scepters which were won by me;
To see her smile on the adoring Crown,
T'have Princes wait, and fearful of her Frown.
Methinks I see the Virgin in this State,
A Province deals to this, a Coronet to that—
Methinks I see the Chariot slowly move,
The thronging Multitude express their Love;
She dress'd like *Venus*, richly, gay, and loose,
The flying Winds a thousand Charms expose.
Thus look'd the Goddess, thus the Chariot drove,
When misty Clouds conceal'd imperial *Jove*,
And so would look my soft, my lovely Maid,
Such Thoughts as these t' Ambition 'tis perswade.
For me, by every Pow'r of Love I swear,
By all those Pow'rs that made thee wondrous fair,

D

That

That I no other Enterprife design,
 Than that you should above all others shine:
 The Malice of thy Sex shalt be above,
 Who ne'er can shew such Flights of gen'rous Love.

No, *Silvia*, to retreat is all in vain,
 If we succeed, 'twill endless Glory gain.
 But if we fail, 'tis infamous and base;
 The World of all things judges by Success.
 If I retire, must many Hazards run,
 If forward I proceed, I run but one;---
 The first alarms with Jealousy and Fear
 The whole Cabal, who soon Revenge prepare;
 They're Persons who great Sense and Courage
 have,

Will take some private way, themselves to save.
 T'endeavour by Discov'ry to secure
 My Life, ignoble are the Means, and poor.

But oh my lovely Maid! in going on,
 When these three Kingdoms lie without a Crown;
 When to the raging Croud expos'd they be,
 Who knows not, but the Chance may fall to me?
 If, as it must, by th' longest Sword be done,
 Why may not mine then be that lucky one?
 For Right, than me, *Cesario* has no more;
 Those easy Fools that now pretend t' adore,
 Make him a Tool to cover their Deceit,
 Because he has not Sense to find the Cheat.
 Can any one believe they wish'd him good,
 To make him act 'gainst common Gratitude?

'Gainst

'Gainst Laws of Nature, and Religion too,
 The worst of Criminals the Nations know!
 Can he imagine (who ne'er did us good,
 Unless in Cuckoldom 'tis understood) }
 That we would venture for his sake our Blood? }
 That we would pull our rightful Monarch down;
 And then set up his Bastard in his room?
Cesario's by his Interest undone;
 It Nature shocks, to think the Father's Throne }
 Should be indanger'd by a Rebel Son. }
 And when the Time shall come too, he shall find,
Mertilla's Ruin's recent in my Mind.—
 Let him hope on---so'll I---a thousand may;
 Yet I set out, and start as fair as they.
 When ev'ry Fool is aiming at a Crown,
 And when among the waiting Croud 'tis thrown,
 'Twere stupid Dulness then to shut one's Eyes,
 And not effort to catch it as it flies:
 And tho' the Weight proves more than I can bear,
 As any of the rest I stand as fair.—

My sense is this, of what does you surprise;
 I cannot fall, but I may higher rise:
 Love gave Ambition, therefore urge no more,
 Th' Effects divert not of your wond'rous Pow'r,
 Still let them grow, what they'll produce let's see,
 Th' Advantage certainly will *Silvia's* be.

But now no more: how comes my Love so dull,
 For all these Reasons *Silvia* can controul.
 But one soft Hour with *Silvia* to enjoy,
 Will soon convince, and all I've said destroy;

Believe me 'twill, for I will sacrifice
My Life, my all! to lovely *Silvia's* Eyes.

(*My eternal Pleasure*)

Your Philander.

*I have no longer Patience, I must be coming to-
wards the Grove, though 'twill do me no good, more
than knowing I am so much nearer my adorable
Creature.*

*I conjure you burn this Writing; in haste, I have
not counterfeited my Hand.*



LETTER XVI.

TO *SILVIA*.

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

I Wait the Orders of my charming Love,
Now in the Meadow that's behind the Grove.
I saw *Dorinda* with some Cowslips there,
Design'd her Present to my lovely Fair.

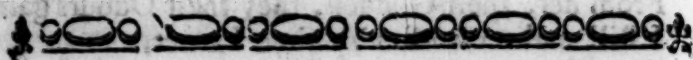
Such

Such Gifts as them to *Silvia* all are vain,
 From her, their Goddess, they their Odours gain.
 I still make use of ev'ry time I meet,
 To tell you what I ever shall repeat.
 How much I love; and here I waiting stand,
 Impatient for my lovely Maid's Command,
 'Till I grow old, here waiting could I stay,
 And never die 'till I with Age decay;
 Now I'm so near, Love comes from ev'ry Part,
 And for the bless'd Encounter hastes my Heart,
 'Till the poor Victim pressing Weight endures,
 You know it, for it is, and will be always, yours.

P O S T S C R I P T.

*Remember, my Adorable, 'tis now Seven a-Clock,
 I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting, and look-
 ing of the slow-pac'd Minutes; Eight will quickly ar-
 rive, I hope, and then 'tis dark enough to hide me:
 Think where I am, and who I am, waiting near
 Silvia, and her Philander.*

I think, my charming Angel, you've a Key,
 With which these Tablets sent may open'd be:
 If not, they easily are broke in two,
 And here I wait to have a Line from you.
 You'd like t'have been discover'd, tell me how;
 Perhaps of Service it may prove to know.
 Each Moment I would have on me employ'd,
 And jealous am, of all you have beside.



LETTER XVII.
TO PHILANDER.

THE Tablets I've receiv'd, and Heav'n can tell,

(For Lovers can't, except they lov'd so well)
At your Approach, what Tremblings seize my Heart,

With Joy and Fear, I ev'ry Moment start.
In my Apartment Rows of Flow'rs I've laid,
Which seems preparing for the Nuptial Bed.

I find I fondly shall myself undo,
Without you've more than mortal Care, I know, }
This Night some fatal Mischief will ensue;
As yet I know not, which 'tis will befall,
The Loss of you, Life, Honour, or else all.
If we're surpriz'd, Death is at least our Share;
And tho' at *Belfont*, you're at home when there:
Yet when you come by stealth, then if our Sire
Should find his Son and Daughter so retire,
What Vows, or what Evasions can assuage,
The just Revenge of injur'd Parents Rage?
What can appease *Mertilla's* Jealousy?
She who's your Wife, and Sister too to me.

Oh

Oh Gods! the Thought will make me rave !----
and now,

A thousand Sorrows from that Fountain flow ;
Curs'd be the Cause first, you to *Belfont* led,
Sure ten short Years you might have longer stay'd,
You thought that it an Age in Youth would
prove,

Which is, alas, but one short Day in Love :
Oh eager Youth ! by th' Way could you not bait,
And not have hurried on to th' last Retreat ?

You're irrecov'able, and past retrieve,
Now there is no Redemption, but the Grave.

Tho' then for you *Mertilla* was most fit,

I only to divert with childish Wit ;

Oh, why could you not in my Face behold,
Something that might these Conquests have fore-
told,

T'engage your Heart did there no Charms ap-
pear,

That could prevent that fatal Marriage Snare ?

You say, when we were born, my lovely Brother,

That Heav'n destin'd us for one another ;

Why did not Fate preserve you for my Arms ?

And do the Work when first you saw my Charms ?

Why rave I thus, why make this fruitless Moan ?

And why call on the Time that's past and gone ?

Which will not yield a Minute that is flown. }

Ten glorious Years of Youth you did bestow,

On one, who never half its Value knew ;

For *Silvia* was alone ordain'd by Fate,
Made capable by Love to set the Rate—

Why should on any Breast that Face e'er lie,
That knew not at each Touch to pant and sigh?
Oh, why were those dear Arms, whose soft Em-
brace,

Where-e'er they circle, ravish ev'ry Place,
Destin'd for one, so cold, so stupid too,
Who never yet their Blessings ever knew.
She lets thee pass, as unconcern'd does shew,
As if there were no Miracles in view;
The little Gods of Love she don't perceive,
That play, and in thy Eyes their Dwelling have;
She plays not with thy Hair, nor does she set
Her snowy Fingers in thy Curls of Jet;
The dull white Coxcomb she'd as much esteem,
The Fool in flaxen Whig had been to her the
same.

Tell me, thou charming Object of my Vows,
What 'twas that drove thee to those Nuptial
Woes?

Had rigid Parents forc'd her in thy Arms,
Or for base Lucre thou admir'd her Charms,
Thy youthful Crime then some Excuse might
have,
For either of those two I could forgive.

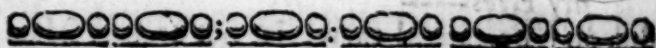
But oh! 'twas Love, *Philander*, raving Love!
Which did more like a Rape than Marriage
prove,

In

In haste *Philander*, with his Victim flies,
 Mad to possess, you stole th' unloving Prize;
 You lov'd her, yes, you're false and perjur'd too!
 Lov'd her! —

Hell and Confusion on the World! 'twas so,
Philander! oh, I'm lost——

This Letter was found in pieces torn.



LETTER XVIII.

TO *PHILANDER*.

OH! my *Philander*, I must needs confess,
 That now my Love's arriv'd to that excess,
 That ev'ry Thought, which only us'd to vex,
 Creates a Rage, unusual to my Sex,
 Or any thing indeed, but mighty Love,
 Which serves again the Tempest to remove;
 But like the anger'd Sea, when Winds are gone,
 They pant, and heave, and keep their Motion
 on:

So my Heart beats with sensible Remains,
 And the late Tempest of my Mind retains
 The Presence of *Philander* may appease,
 There's nothing else that can my Torments ease.

That Thought too brings with it a thousand Fears,
 But they'll all vanish, soon as he appears.
 No more, 'till he is gone, their Shapes will wear,
 Then bring him here, and set me 'bove all Care.
 The Sight of him will all my Frights remove,
 And ev'ry Thought, but those of tender Love;
 Haste then, thou charming Object of my Joys,
 And new Desires, haste to my Soul, my Arms,
 my Eyes——

But oh! be careful there, let not an easy Maid,
 That trusts thee with her Treasure, be betray'd--

'Tis almost dark, my Parents too are gone;
 In my Apartment I am left alone.

I've sent a Key which *Silvia* got me made,
 You the Back-stairs 'twill to my Chamber lead,
 The Door is safely lock'd, the former Key
 Being guarded by my Father's Jealousy:
 That way I beg you'd come, the same
 That you have often to *Mertilla* came.

O damn that Thought, what makes it torture me?
 That for *Philander* shall exchanged be,
 Th' Advantages that will from thence be giv'n,
 Will be as great as bartering Hell for Heav'n.
 Haste, but there's no need; Love his Wings will
 lend,

You, who his whole Artillery command,
 Then put 'em on, and t'wards your *Silvia* fly,
 Who thought of thy Approach does fainting lie.

Silvia.
 To



To Monsieur the Count of---

MY LORD,

THESE Pieces of Paper, which I have put together, were writ by my Lady, to have been sent by *Dorinda*, when on a sudden she rose in a rage from her Seat, first the Papers tore, and next, her Robes and Hair, and nothing indeed has escap'd the Violence of her Passion; nor could my Tears or Prayers retrieve them or calm her; at last it is however chang'd to mighty Passions of Weeping, in which Employment I have left her on her Repose, being ordered away. I thought it my Duty to give your Lordship this Account, and to send the Pieces of Paper, that your Lordship may guess at the reason of the sudden Storm which ever rises in that fatal Quarter; but in putting them together, I was very near being surpriz'd by my Lady's Father, for my Lord the Count having for some time solicited me for Favours, and making use of all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me in my Chamber alone, employ'd in serving your Lordship; I had only Time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him,

D 6 having

having given him an Assignment to-night in the Garden-Grove, there to give him the hearing of what he has to propose to me. Pray Heaven all things go right to your Lordship's Wish this Evening, for to-day many ominous things have happened. Madam the Countess had like to have taken a Letter writ to your Lordship to-day; for the Dutcheſs of —— coming to pay her a Viſit, came on a ſudden with her into my Lady's Apartment, and ſurpriz'd her writing in her Dreſſing-Room, hardly giving her time to ſlip the Paper into her Comb-Box. The firſt Ceremonies being over, as Madam the Dutcheſs does not uſe much, ſhe began to commend my Lady's Dreſſing-Plate, and taking up the Box, and looking into it, ſaw the Letter, and laughing, cry'd, Oh, have I found you making Love! At which my Lady, with an infinite Confuſion, would have retrieved it——But the Dutcheſs ſtill keeping her hold, cry'd——Nay, I'm reſolv'd I'll ſee in what manner you write to a Lover, and whether your Heart is tender or cruel; at which ſhe began to read aloud, my Lady bluſhed, and changed Colour a hundred times in a Minute; I almoſt dead with fear; Madam the Counteſs in infinite Amazement; my Lady interrupting every Word read by the Dutcheſs by Intreaties and Prayers, which ſerved to heighten her Curioſity, being airy and young, regarded not the Indecency to which ſhe preferred her Curioſity, who laughing,
cry'd,

cry'd, she was resolv'd to read it out, and find the Constitution of her Heart; when my Lady, whose Wit never fail'd her, cry'd, I beg you, Madam, let us have so much Complaisance for *Melinda* to ask her Consent in this Affair, and then I shall be pleas'd that you should see what Love I can make upon occasion; I took the Hint, and cry'd with a real Confusion, — I implore you, Madam, not to discover my Weakness to Madam the Dutchess, I would not for the World——be thought to love so passionately as your Ladyship, in favour of *Alexis*, has caused me to profess, under the Name of *Silvia* to *Philander*. This gave my Lady Encouragement, who began to say a thousand pretty things of *Alexis*, *Dorillas's* Son, and my Lover, as your Lordship knows, and who is indeed no inconsiderable Fortune, for a Maid, only by your Lordship's Bounty enriched. After this, my Lady took the Letter, and all being resolv'd it should be read, she did it herself, and turn'd it so prettily into burlesque Love, by her way of reading it, that Madam the Dutchess laugh'd extreamly, who cry'd to my Lady at the end of it,——Well, Madam, I am sure you have not a Heart wholly insensible of Love, that could so well express it for another. Thus they rallied on, 'till careful of the Repose of my Lover, the Dutchess urg'd the Letter might be immediately sent away, at which my Lady folding it up, writ, *For the constant Alexis*, on the outside,

outside: I took it, and desir'd leave to retire to take a Copy of it with my own hand; they permitted me, and after I had sealed it, carried it to *Dorillus*, who waited for it; and wondering to find his Son's Name on it, cry'd—Mistress *Melinda*, I am afraid you have mistook my present Business, I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and here you give me one from your self to my Son *Alexis*; I own 'twill be very welcome to *Alexis*, but I had rather at this time oblige my Lord than my Son. I laughing reply'd, he was under a Mistake, that *Alexis* at this time meant no other than my Lord, which extreamly pleased the good Man, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and so went satisfied away; every body was so except the Countess, who fancied more in it than my Lady's inditing for me. And after Madam the Dutchess was gone, she went ruminating and pensive to her Chamber, and I am sure she will not depart from thence to-night, and possibly will set Spies in every Corner; 'tis good at least to fear the worst, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this Night's Assassination. I will wait on your Lordship as soon as the Coast is clear, and be your Conductor, and am ready in all things else to shew myself,

Silvia has Orders to wait on your Lordship as soon as all is clear.

*My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
and most obedient Servant,
Melinda.*



TO MELINDA.

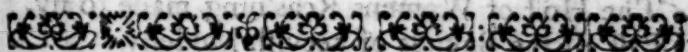
OH! *Melinda*! what have you told me! stay me with an immediate Account of the Calmness and Recovery of my adorable, weeping *Silvia*, or *Belfont* I shall enter with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me, 'till I make my way to my lovely Mourner: Oh Gods! *Silvia* in a Rage! *Silvia* in any Passion but that of Love! I cannot bear it, no, by Heaven I can't; some Outrage I shall do, either on myself, or at *Belfont*. Oh, thou dear Advocate of my tenderest Wishes, thou Confidant of my never-dying Flame, thou kind, administering Maid, send some Relief to my breaking Heart.—Haste, haste, and tell me, *Silvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes sparkle with Smiles; if they languish, say, 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys, that her dear Hands are employed no more in Exercises too rough and unbecoming their native Softness. O ye eternal Powers! Tearing perhaps her divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her Face and Bosom, the Wish and Joy of all Mankind that
look

look upon her. Oh! charm her with Prayers and Tears, her dear Fingers stop from the rude Assaults, bind her fair Hands, repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's fainting with the News of her Outrage and Unkindness on her lovely self; and tell her too, I die adoring her; tell her, I rave, I curse, I tear myself—for so I do; tell her, that I will into Violence break, that shall set all *Belfont* in a Flame: but for my Care of her, Heaven and Earth should not prevent me—No, they should not—But her least Frown shall tame, still me, and make me a calm Coward: Say this, say any thing to charm her Rage and Tears. O I am mad, stark raving mad, and ready to run on that frantick Business, I die to think her guilty of; tell her, how'twould grieve her to see me storm and mangled, to see that Hair she loves, by Rage ruffled and diminished, violated by my insupportable Grief, myself bereft of all Sense, but that of Love, but that of Adoration for my charming, cruel, Insensible, who with every Thought, with every Imagination is possessed that can make me unhappy, borne away with every Fancy that is in disfavour of the wretched *Philander*. Oh *Melinda*! write immediately, if you don't, you will behold me enter a most deplorable Object of Pity.

When yours I received, I fell into so violent a Passion, that I forced myself back to *Dorillus*' House, lest my Transports should have hurried

me to *Belfont*, where I should have all undone:
But as no where I can rest, I am now again re-
turning to the *Meadow*, where I will expect your
Aid, or die.

From Dorillus's Cottage,
almost Nine a-Clock.



LETTER XIX.

TO THE

Charming *SILVIA*.

WITH many a panting Heart, and many
a Sigh,

And wishful Look, tow'rd *Belfont* cast my Eye,

To *Dorillus's* Farm I'm come; on Bed

For two long Hours I without Life was laid;

'Till Love and Rage broke thro' my great Con-
cern,

Burst in Complaints, both soft and mad by turn;

Such as my Soul ne'er heretofore possesst,

Or ever seiz'd a frantick Lover's Breast.—

Ah *Silvia*! by me then what was not said?

How all I curs'd, except my charming Maid;

Ye

Ye envying Powers! what is't that you design?
 She, trembling Victim, offer'd at my Shrine;
 And then and there fancied myself to be
 Happier than a triumphing Deity:
 But when I did the great Fatigues remove,
 The live-long Sieges, and the Toils of Love;
 Vanquish'd that mighty Phantom of the Fair,
 (The Giant Honour) with the Train of Fear;
 The Host of Womens Reas'ning made to fly,
 Past all the Bounds of peevish Modesty:
 When nothing block'd my way, gave all the
 Rout,

And nothing stopp'd my glorious Pursuit:
 Just then, with Over-Joy! inglorious Fate!
 Fainting to fall before the op'ning Gate;
 Unable to receive the yielding Prize,
 That ready under me, surrend'ring lies.
 Oh *Silvia*! sure some Demon was displeas'd,
 And thus maliciously my Vigour seiz'd;
 What God, thus envious of my mighty Joy,
 Made me the Object of his Raillery;
 Thus suddenly to snatch from me the Pow'r,
 That ne'er 'till then had ever fail'd before.
 Heavens! how then I lay, and fighting strove,
 Unable to complain, in Extasy of Love;
 Unactive as old Age, my mad Desire,
 As if I long had past the youthful Fire.—
 Say, O thou wond'rous, perfect Creature, say,
 Where was it that the hidden Witchcraft lay?

Oh! lovely *Silvia's* Charms are so divine,
 They never can with human Pleasures join;
 They chang'd my Fire to awful Adoration,
 And all my Heat to rev'rend Contemplation.—
 But that is Nonsense all, 'twas something more,
 That gave me Rage, Despair, and seiz'd my
 Pow'r:

'Twas no Devotion, Impotence alone,
 And I'm by some enchanted Spell undone.
 Oh! what will *Silvia* of my Passion say?
 Would she could but believe, as sure she may,
 I thro' Excess of Passion lost my Way.
 What, *Silvia*, b'ing arriv'd to th' Joys of Love,
 Which the Reward of all my Suff'rings prove,
 Then to lie gazing only, and no more,
 And dull and feebly unconcern'd adore.
 Shame on my Youth, let me Old-Age put on,
 For that has some Excuse, but Youth has none:
 'Tis Dulness all, insensible, and cold,
 Where shall I hide me when this Story's told?
 That he who never was in Love controul'd,
 Ne'er baulk'd the homely Young, or am'rous Old.
 Yet when he had extended in his Arms
 The longing *Silvia*, yielding up her Charms!
 Yet when the lovely Maid defenceless lay,
 He wanted Pow'r to seize the trembling Prey—
 From present Madness, O preserve me, Heav'n!
 I've thought on all might have Occasion giv'n;
 Each little-Circumstance reflected on,
 Might cause this Coldness, but can fix on none.

'Tis

'Tis true, I had some Tremblings in my Heart,
 Which then I thought improper to impart :
 I saw, as I was coming to my Love,
 A Man approach from out the Garden Grove,
 Who seem'd like me most cautiously to move.
 Th' Appointment call'd to mind, *Melinda* said,
 That she that Ev'ning with the Count had made,
 And so it prov'd, for in a gentle Tone,
 I heard him his *Melinda* call upon ;
 At which I hasten'd with a swifter Pace,
 And unperceiv'd I reach'd th' appointed Place :
 Howe'er on your Account I was afraid,
 But Fears were vanquish'd by my charming
 Maid,
 Whom I beheld on Bed of Roses laid ;
 In Garments, by their loose and wanton Air,
 If possible, would make more Charms appear :
 Strait on my Knees I fell, and could not move,
 Unable was to speak with Joy and Love :
 My Lips I press'd to th' Rubies of my Fair,
 My eager Kisses found no Motion there :
 I fear'd you fainted, and a sudden Fright
 Exchang'd my Fever to an Ague-Fit ;
 But was recover'd by a Sigh from you,
 You press'd my Hand, and rais'd my Fires anew
 And from that soft Conductor of my Wishes,
 I ravish'd by degrees a thousand Blissess :
 Between your tempting Kisses you would cry,
 Oh my *Philander*, do no Injury ; ---

To the last Joys of Love don't press me on, ---
Oh have a Care, or ever I'm undone; ---
Restrain your roving Hands, — what is't you do?
Whither, *Philander*, would they wandring go? ---
Thus with a thousand Cautions more than these,
What you design to calm you higher raise;
Not all the Vows you bad me call to mind,
Would not avail to have my Flame confin'd;
Could not restrain my wild and headstrong Fire,
My raving, raging, but my soft Desire.
No, feeble Flesh and Blood make vain Alarms,
To find Resistance 'gainst so many Charms;
My Flame I bore, you made me swear again,
Till the vast Pleasure e'en became a Pain:
To add, I saw what not conceal'd would lie,
I saw my Fair as much inflam'd as I;
Nor could she hide the Sparks with all her Care,
They in each Look, and ev'ry Word appear;
Her trembling Tongue, her interrupting Sighs,
A Languishment unusual to her Eyes,
Do all betray, the Secret open shows,
And contradicted all her little Vows:
Her snowy Breast with double Breathings rose,
Her Hands that grasp'd me, trembled as they
close;
While she permitted mine, unknown, to rove,
And traverse all the Beauties of my Love:
My Soul to Joy being wholly giv'n o'er,
I quite forgot what I had faintly swore;

With

With eager Passion rush'd upon her strait,
 Who fainting lay beneath my useless Weight;
 For on a sudden all my Pow'r was gone,
 Like Lightning thro' m' infeebled Veins it run.
 Not the dear Beauty that I press'd, the Charms
 Of that fair Face, the Clasps of those soft Arms,
 Nor the bewitching Accent of her Voice,
 That murmur'd Love, half smother'd in her Sighs.
 Nor all my Love, my vast, my mighty Pain,
 Could call my wandring Vigour back again;
 Oh no, the more I saw and look'd upon,
 The more I touch'd, the more I was undone.---

Oh pity me, my lovely Maid, forget,
 Forgive the Faults you did alone create;
 Consider, when expos'd is ev'ry Charm,
 Who can against such mighty Forces arm?
 No wonder if a Sacrifice I lie,

A shameful Sacrifice to th' Deity.

Consider how I lov'd, and how admir'd,
 At ev'ry tender Touch how much was fir'd,
 By your Delay consum'd, and was expir'd.

Philosophy to make this out I want,

Or Faith to fix on natural Accident;

But this, my charming *Silvia*, I am sure,

Had I lov'd less, I had been happy more:

Nor would we, *Silvia*; thus have parted been,

On Terms that's so disgraceful to your Swain:

Were't not for th' Noise was at your Chamber-

Door,

Which wak'd you from the Trance you had be-

fore;

And

And me from the most silent Agony,
That e'er possess'd a Heart with disappointed Joy.

Oh Heav'ns! to have my *Silvia* at my Feet,
Favour'd by silent Night, and safe Retreat!

Then, then, ye envying Powers, to tamely lie
And show my Passion only with a Sigh;

As if she had me with that Favour bless'd,
Alone, by stealth, all languishing, undress'd;

Fit for the mighty Business of the Night,
To hear me prate, tell what a pretty Sight

The Moon it was to see, and how she shows,
Her shining Lustre thro' the dancing Boughs.

O damn my harden'd Dulness—but no more;

At th' thought I fire, and Madness am all o'er—
I long to know by th' Noise that then was made,

Whether, my lovely *Silvia*, we're betray'd;

But that it was not so, still hope I may,

By 'n Event which happen'd at my going away;

For fear that then we should have been surpriz'd,

Soon was in *Melinda's* Cloaths disguis'd;

And thus attir'd, I went with much ado

away, but left my Heart behind with you;

And in my Passage having no one seen,

was resolv'd to go to you again.

In midst these Thoughts I saw a Man, who strove

To overtake me e'er I reach'd the Grove:

Now'rds which with eager Haste I thither went,

For his perceiving me could not prevent:

But just at th' Entrance of the Thicket, he,

turning short, secur'd his Hold of me.

I then perceiv'd it was the Count, who said,
 Melinda, you're an honourable Maid—
 Come, come, retire with me into the Grove,
 Where I will give a Present to my Love;
 Which is of more Advantage, you shall see,
 Than your Alexis, though he younger be.
 I, quite confounded, knew not what to say,
 Lest he discover me, and all betray;
 Which Silence gave him leisure to go on,
 And in the following Manner it was done:
 What, not a Word? or are you then content,
 That I should take your Silence for Consent:
 If so, my pretty Creature, let's improve,
 Nor lose a Moment of this Hour of Love.
 At this he did advance, my Hand he press'd,
 Which several times he amorously kiss'd.
 Judge, O thou lovely Fair! judge then;
 In what Condition was Philander in!
 In such a Case, what could Philander do?
 I'd disappointed him if I should go,
 Worse than I was but just before with you.
 I neither knew either to go or stay,
 By staying fear'd that I should all betray.—
 He pull'd me, I held back myself t' excuse;
 He cry'd, *You came not hither to refuse.*
 Sweetning my Voice, I to him whispering said,
 Softly, pray Sir, consider, I'm a Maid.
 I would not for the World it should be known:
 The Count reply'd, *It shan't by any one,*

com to bid, and I must, *Whe*

*What I shall take shall never come to light,
 Not to Alexis on thy Wedding-Night:
 Come, thou sweet Creature, come along with me:
 Heav'ns! d'ye think a Mistress I will be!
 Would'st be a Cherubim? then, as before,
 Sir, I would have you know, I am no Whore:
 No, but that's what thou quickly may'st, my Dear,
 For I have got the Tools about me here.
 No sooner the old Count the last had spoke,
 When I had lik'd in open Laughter broke.
 Next then he enter'd in a graver Grace,
 This foolish Talk's not proper for this Place;
 Believe, Melinda, I will always prove,
 Hereafter, ever generous to my Love.
 With that a Purse of fifty Guineas he
 Put in one Hand, in t'other what must nameless
 be.*

*The Presents gave, I venture to believe,
 Were worthy both Melinda to receive:
 I studying was a Parting to procure,
 And softly cry'd, Sir, are we safe, you're sure?
 Pray step, Sir, towards the Garden-Door and see,
 For, for the World I'd not discover'd be.
 Nor I, says he: However (whisper'd I)
 See that my Fear may n't interrupt our Joy.
 With that he goes o'th' Errand he was sent.
 I thro' the Grove into the Meadow went,
 And left to range the Grove th' expecting Swain,
 Who seeks to find his vanish'd Nymph in vain:*

I doubt 'twill heavy on *Melinda* sit ;
 I've sent the Gold to do as she thinks fit,
 To keep, or to restore ; but let it be,
 As she can with the angry Count agree.

The Case I thought was proper you should
 know,

That you might fence *Melinda* from the Blow.
 She understanding all 'twixt us was done,
 May order't so, that nothing may be known :
 I know, my charming *Silvia*'s lively Wit,
 Can find enough Excuses for her Flight.
 To tell th' Adventure I not here intend,
 But let you know on what my Life depends,
 Which is, in the Permission of my Fair,
 To wait again th' ensuing Night on her :
 Let me have no Excuse, for if I have,
 I'll end my Life where I the News receive ;
 I'll say no more, impatiently I wait
 The Resolutions of *Philander*'s Fate.

Philander.

'Tis Six a Clock, and yet my Eyes have not clos'd
 themselves to sleep. Alexis and Brilliard give me
 hopes of a kind Return to this, and have brought
 their Flute and Violin to charm me into a Slumber :
 If *Silvia* loves, as I am sure she does, she will
 wake me with a dear Consent to see me ; if not, I
 only wake to sleep for ever.

LETTER



LETTER XX.

To my FAIR CHARMER.

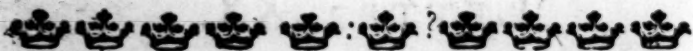
WHEN I th'enclos'd had seal'd, a Letter
came,

Sign'd at the Bottom with *Cesario's* Name;
I've sent it here, you see how you command,
And how I slight the mighty things in hand,
When set in Competition with my Fair,
When I'm in hopes her charming Tongue to
hear;

One Moment's Joy like that, to me is more
Than a whole Age of dull imperial Pow'r:
Let the unguarded Rout themselves destroy,
The Cause, for me, shall quite neglected lie.
I ask no more, ye sacred Pow'rs above,
Give me but *Silvia*, *Silvia* and Love;
To which the Trifles of the World but seem
To those, but poor and little in esteem:
If this you knew, you would 'em all defy,
For ever live in silent Shades with me.

Oh *Silvia*! what hast thou this Night to give,
That can thy poor, thy humble Swain relieve;

Philander.



To the Count of -----

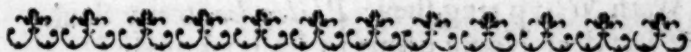
MY DEAR,

I'L L allow you to be very fond of so much Beauty, as the World must acknowledge adorns the lovely *Silvia*, and I'll permit Love to rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival me in Glory: To the Advance of that then, haste, my Dear, make no Delay, but with the Morning's Dawn let me find you in my Arms, where I have something to relate to you that will surprize you. Last Night you was expected at-----
It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Persons, whose Interest renders them enough jealous. We have two new Advancers come in of Youth and Money, teach them not Negligence; be careful; let nothing hinder you from taking Horse immediately, as you value the Fortune and Repose of,

*My Dear,
Your Cesario.*

I

I called last Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whisper'd me, — If I had any earnest Business with you, he knew where to find you; I soon imagined where, and bid him call within an Hour for this, and bid him post immediately, tho' dark.



LETTER XXI.

TO PHILANDER.

WHAT have I done? where shall I hide my Face?

For you have ruin'd my eternal Peace;
Curse on my Face, which does my Ruin prove,
Debauch'd my Virtue, and taught you to love:
Curse on my Youth, my Shape, my Air, my Hands,

And ev'ry Charm that me t'wards Love commands;

But those of my *Philander*, they are such,
My furious Passion dares not to reproach.
They're sacred all, and Madness them must spare,
And should'st thou see me now, with ruffled Hair,
My Eyes bedewing ev'ry Word that's here,
When for each Letter I let fall a Tear:

Then (press'd with Thought) starting I drop my
Pen,

My Garments tear, and fall to rave again ;
My Breast I wound, not wound it as I ought,
Which when I do propose, Love stays the
Thought.

Wild as it is, the Conqueror does controul,
With Whisp'ring shews *Philander* to my Soul.
That dear Name calms to Easiness again,
I take my Pen, and silently complain ;
You'd say I'm mad, to see my Passions change.
Madness itself no Motions has so strange ;—
I'm calm again ; I'd ask thee mildly too,
Can you possess a Maid with Madness so,
Who art thyself so soft, serene, and good,
The most divine, e'er join'd with human Blood,--
Thy Words from off thy Tongue so gently move,
A Voice so ravishing, so full of Love,
Frenzy 'twould charm, 'twould dissipate all Fear,
Wildness itself would list'ning stand to hear ;
Serenity so sweet there's in thy Face,
Such Innocence, and ev'ry soft'ning Grace,
Should desert Salvages but gaze on thee,
They'd lose their Wildness, and would gentle be :
Most certainly this godlike Pow'r you have,
Why me alone dost make unseemly rave ;
Altho' of Madness I am thus possess'd,
Of my sad Story this is but the least.—
I ne'er again must see thy lovely Face,
For if I do, shall burst with the Disgrace.

I your deluding Vows believe no more,
Nor all the charming perjur'd Oaths you swore.
Oh Heav'ns! what is't I've done! and yet I
swear,

By Heav'ns, to ask my Soul I scarcely dare,
Unless that fatal Minute would impart
Means to revenge my fond, betraying Heart.—
Dismal Despair and Madness seize me quite,
Darkness and Horror hide me from all Sight—
After this Easiness,——to open lay
My Honour, and my Virgin Thoughts betray—
O! Hell and Death! — my unknown, shameful
Fires,

Unblushing Folly, and my new Desires.

Either to wish or shew Desire, is such

A Sin in Virtue as deserves Reproach:————

That is not all which I have done, but more, }

For, void of Shame, I yielded to your Pōw'r-- }

By Heav'ns! the Thought no longer I'll endure. }

'Tis more than Rage that animates my Mind,

Some Spell that makes me to Repentance blind:

This 'tis perplexes me, and makes me know,

My Honour does but as a Phantom show,

Now I could curse my Love and Youth again,

But when I've done, I find it is in vain.

When I consider thee, I can't decline,

All my Resolves weigh not one Hair of thine;

The more I strive, the more it is in vain,

The charming Cause for ever will remain;

Philander's still as lovely as before,
 In vain it is to strive against his Pow'r:
 From my fond Heart, I must remove him thence,
 Banish him my Eyes and every Sense;
 By Heav'ns! the Weight is more than I can bear,
 If I but see him, and his Voice but hear,
 Strait am I seiz'd with an unknown Desire,
 If I but touch him, I am all on fire:
 On these, and not my Youth, I must exclaim,
 'Tis they debauch, and bring my Soul to shame--
 I strive all ways, and put it off I'd fain,
 But still I find th' Aggressor I remain;
 Or else, why is not ev'ry Maid undone,
 That does but touch you, or you look upon—
 Tell me, O my *Philander*, tell me why,
 Thou'rt wholly innocent, the Fault's in me.—
 Were I less sensible of what I love,
 I then should much more dully happy prove.
 Your Charms so fast are rooted in my Breast,
 That they for ever have betray'd my Rest:
 But I will soon lay the Betrayer safe,
 That it shall plead no more in thy Behalf,
 Disperse the Joys it has in ev'ry Vein,
 That it shall never kindle there again,
 In spite of all the Charms that round thee dwell,
 The Arts of looking, touching, speaking well,
 I will again assume my native Pow'r,
 E'as unconcern'd to th' World as heretofore---
 But yet *Philander's* Magick is so great,
 The op'ning Day will see my shameful Fate---

By

By *Phæbus* swear, the Ruler of the Day,
And by that Pow'r which they do both obey---
I swear, *Philander* was the first that taught
To have such Wishes enter in my Thought.
I thought the Vanity of b'ing belov'd,
Was all the Satisfaction could be prov'd;
To see my Lovers croud, to me 'twas Joy,
To hear 'em praise me, and adore, and sigh,
And him I favour'd most, suffer'd to press
My Hand, to tell his Tale, or take a Kiss:
Nay, by my Life, I thought I lov'd him too,
Content to pass my Life in gaudy Shew,
I thought of nothing but of being great,
Rich, splendid Coaches, Equipage of State,
I thought no farther; thou hast made me now,
For I can think of nothing, but of you; *FC*
I loath the Sound of Love from ev'ry Voice,
And Conversation is dull, empty Noise,
I'm never so well pleas'd, when you're not here,
As when to my Apartment I retire;
In one dear Thought of thee I take more Pride, *FC*
Than all the Vanities o'th' World beside.
The Crouds of Equipage and Noise, I hate,
Had rather share with thee an humble Fate,
Than be a Queen, if I was hinder'd by't,
Only to keep one Moment from your Sight;
If this be n't true, may'st loath me, and despise,
Which is the greatest Curse I can devise.
A sense of Love 'till now I never had,
The Sighs which others gave no Pressures made

Yet ev'ry speaking Glance thy Eyes put on,
 Inform my Soul what 'tis they would have done ;
 And if my Hand is only touch'd by you,
 My Breath then suddenly does shorter grow,
 My Blood with Warmth runs thro' my Veins,
 and tells

My Heart what 'tis that my *Philander* ails,
 When he does on my Bosom trembling lie,
 I fear I answer ev'ry Look and Sigh.

Love, as a Crime, I never fear'd 'till now,
 Tho' I myself have preach'd that Doctrine too,
 (Yet tell me not, ye dull, mistaken Youth,
 Love that's sincere is innocent as Truth)
 That Doctrine I renounce, for now I love,
 By Heav'n, and find it does a Fiction prove.
 Yes, and love so as yet no Woman e'er,
 In Love with me could have an equal Share ;
 Nor is't the fancy of thy Beauty warms,
 There's an intrinsick Value in thy Charms ;
 If all could love, or judge like me, then why
 Don't all who see *Philander* for him sigh ?
 What makes *Mertilla*, who now him possesses,
 Looks on him, hears him speak, and feels his
 Kisses,

Not think she's bless'd ? 'tis want of Judgment still,
 For how can she love well, who judges ill ?

Equal to th' Object granting my Desire,
 You must allow most infinite my Fire ;
 And more in me than ever Woman had,
 By how much 'tis that I am softer made ;

And

And yet I own, for I may own my Flame,
Now Heav'n and you are Witness of my Shame,
I own, with all this Cost, this mighty Love,
Within my Breast unwonted Wishes move,
At thought of thee, my Blood does burn and glow
In ev'ry Vein, and I impatient grow.

But when I know it comes from Love that's true,
I'm reconcil'd, and wish and sigh anew;

But when upon thy Eyes I look and gaze,
Gaze on thy dying Eyes, and charming Face,
Or when my Hand with thy soft Hand I join,
Or when I lay my glowing Cheek to thine——
O Gods! what Language can express the Joys,
All soft Desire; with Pain conceal'd it lies.

Philander, yes, the fatal Truth is so,
Since thou hast found it, I confess it too;
'Twas long to hide my guilty Flame I strove,
Ye Gods, if there be any Guilt in Love;
A Coldness feign'd, for there lies Virtue's Pow'r,
Virtue is but dissembling, and no more.——

But mine, alas, is gone, for ever fled,
That feeble Guard by thee's defenceless made.

No wonder 'tis so easily you gain,
When by dissembling we our Fort maintain,
O silly Refuge! mean, base Arts! they're all
An Ill as shameful as to that we fall.

What Custom can persuade! she's lost her Fame,
(Who breaks her Laws) her Honour and Esteem,

How quickly's lost! give me, ye Powers, that
 rule,
 Give me my Fame, and let me be a Fool,
 That let me keep, and be insensible, and dull--
 But O! where is it—I am lost—'tis gone,
 Thou charming, perjur'd Man, I am undone—
 What tho' extended on my Bed I sat,
 Undress'd, unapprehensive of my Fate,
 My Bosom bare, my Garments loosely fit,
 As if they'd to thy straying Hand submit.
Philander, why should you th' Advantage take,
 Because I'm tempting, you your Oaths must break.
 'Tis true, by stealth by Night I let you in,
 Whose silent Darkness favour'd your Design,
 Were not your Oaths as firm as if the Sun,
 With all its Light had been a Looker on?
 As you press'd on, I told you of each Vow,
 But O so faintly I upbraided you,
 As made you more your Perjuries pursue;
 Your Strength increas'd, but mine, alas, decay'd,
 'Till I quite fainting in your Arms was laid;
 Left you triumphant Lord of all; no more
 My faint Denials contradict your Pow'r,
 The Treasure which you toil'd for, then you had,
 Was to the lovely Conqueror betray'd——
 But O tormenting,——when you saw the Store,
 And thought the Prize t'have been of Value
 more, (shew'd,
 O what Contempt! (yes, false, dear Man) you
 With what Contempt th' unvalu'd Trophy view'd,
 What.

What! despis'd! was all your Heaven of Joy,
And when you saw't to pass neglected by,
Your Prayers were heard, rewarded was your
Toil,

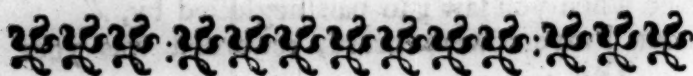
The trembling Victim ready for your Spoil,
And did you want Devotion then to give,
Th' expected Blessing did you thus receive?
Oh!—by the Gods I'll never see thee more,
'Tis Charity, thou'st no Excuse in store,
That can convince, but that I'm loath'd by thee,
That Thought can't bear, and you no more will
see—

And yet thy false Excuse I long to know;
Be quick, for my Disdain invites thee now,
Then let me hear your own Defence so poor,
To strengthen which, there needs not any more—
But 'tis a tedious Time to that slow Hour,
When to permit you here I have the Pow'r,
But hope not to incline my Soul to Love,
No, I'll stop here, and will no farther move.

Silvia:



LETTER



LETTER XXII.

TO PHILANDER.

MY Page was going with th' inclos'd, but met
Alexis with your Letter at the Gate.

Philander, why a Heart do you press so,
 Already yields too much to Love and you?

I fear you guess my Answer but too well,
 Might save my blushing Trouble to reveal.
 I'm now plung'd in, past hope of a Retreat,
 Nor can I fall by a more glorious Fate.

Philander, to your tender Arms then take
 A Maid that can no more Resistance make.

She yields, she yields, and does confess it too,
 She's more than mortal holds out against you.

Since I'm undone, must give away my All,

I scorn Reserves, most generously I'll fall,

I will be brave in Love, and lavish too,

Nor shall you think I love, unless I do.

Take then, what Love and your own Merits give,
 The dear Reward of Sighs and Tears receive.

But since 'till Night it is an Age, you know,
 I here conjure you to *Cesario* go;

So

So hard he presses, the Concerns are great,
 'Tis early yet, you may ride there by Eight.
 Altho' I'm glad to know you are so near,
 Your Honour and your Safety I prefer.
 But your Affairs you then may soon get done,
 And be return'd e'er Night approaches on,
 For 'twill be Eight e'er I can see your Charms,
 E'er I can clasp you in my trembling Arms.
 Be sure you go; let not Punctilio's prove,
 A Hind'rance to the Safety of my Love,
 Go then, may all the Gods attend thee there,
 Preserve, and bring you back t' your dying Fair,

Silvia.



LETTER XXIII.

TO SILVIA.

THOU charming Fair, who all my Passions
 rule,
 Thou dear Delight of my transported Soul;
 Thou'st given me over Joy, what is't thou'st done,
 Have finish'd quite what Grief's Excess begun.

May

May Heav'n's eternal Blessings on thee shine,
 Best of thy Sex, for Goodnets so divine;
 Whatever 'tis I act, or say, don't know,
 Nor walk, nor think, as I was wont to do.
 Sure the Excess of Joy is far above
 Dull Sense, will not by Ceremony move.
 With hopes of coming Extasy I rave,
 Mad with the Thought o'th' Pleasure I shall have.
 O *Silvia*, who preserv'st my Soul alive,
 And without which I could as well survive;
Silvia, on thee methinks I pressing lie,
 Kiss thee, behold thy Eyes, and hear thee sigh,
 Methinks expos'd I view each lovely Grace,
 And all the wondrous Beauties of thy Face;
 A solemn Joy has spread thro' ev'ry Part,
 And runs thro' ev'ry Art'ry of my Heart;
 Nothing but *Silvia* enters in my Mind,
Silvia, the lovely, blooming, and the kind.
 And shall I touch thy Hands, behold thy Charms,
 And press thy tender Body in my Arms?
 A thousand Ravishments themselves display,
 O ye Gods! shall I—Oh! my *Silvia*, say:
 But thou hast said enough to make me rave;
 I'll bring to *Belfont* thy adoring Slave,
 To pay his Thanks, I'll throw him at thy Feet;
 In Gratitude for Bounty that's so great.

How shall I live till Night? and sure you know
 When your Commands are, To *Cesario* go,
 What Dangers I must run, myself expose,
 Whose Joy in such transporting Currents flows,
That

That when in the Cabal I take my Part,
I must betray the Story of my Heart,
And shall in lieu of the grand Bus'ness there,
Be talking still of mighty Love's Affair.
The Question that they ask will answer'd be,
With something which concerns my Love and me.
They'll think me mad, and then I'm quite un-
done :

Leave me in silence here to rave alone,
Here flatt'ring Echo's shall repeat your Name,
Repeat that *Silvia's* mine, and never hurt her
Fame ;

The noisy Town will strange Confusion add,
To present Transport, and will make me mad ;
Oh ! let me not from this bless'd Place repair,
Let me be always calm and quiet here,
Tell all the pretty Singers on the Trees,
The happy Hour which *Silvia* now decrees :
On ev'ry Bark I will record her Fame,
On ev'ry Tree that's worthy of her Name,
That it may by the wond'ring World be said,
How bless'd I am with such a gen'rous Maid ;
And up to future Ages let it grow,
That they the Story of our Loves may know,
And how a Youth, *Philander* nam'd, was bless'd,
Th' ador'd, the lovely *Silvia* he possess'd,
A Maid that's no where to be match'd in Glory,
The most divine that ever grac'd a Story.
When the succeeding Nymphs shall want a Youth,
To shew a Precedent of Love and Truth,

Bid

Bid 'em point out *Philander* to their Swains,
Cry,---Love like him, and we'll reward your
Pains :

And when the Shepherd would his Nymph up-
braid,

'Th' Example let him shew which *Silvia* made—

But O! there ne'er will be a Nymph so true,
Heav'n made but one, what Angels are to show;
And form'd for me was this same glorious Fair,
Who I'd not quit to reign a Monarch here.

Take ev'ry trifling Blessing from my Sight,
Ye Gods, and give me but the coming Night.

O I'm undone, if any Accident

The seeing of my Fair to-night prevent.

Oh! I am all on Flames, all joyful Fire,
With Expectation fill'd, and soft Desire.

Methinks 'tis Heav'n where-e'er I turn my Head,
Musick when I speak, Air where-e'er I tread.

Let me alone, now calmly let me lie,

Left by a too Excess I lose my Joy.

Remove for some time from me, *Silvia*, stay,
You press my Senses e'en to Pain—away——

Let me take Air,——let me recover Breath,
Some cooling Shade let me lie down beneath,
Near some refreshing Spring, as Crystal clear,
And all about me fan the gentle Air :

Oh! how I suffocate! I faint! I'm gone!

I must allay my Joy, or be undone.

Thy Letters I will read, and strive to find
Some cruel Time, when thou hast been unkind,

When

When I your Presence Orders had to leave;
Perhaps some other Lover you receive,
Only to tell his Tale, breathe on your Face,
And daub your Garments with a loath'd Embrace.
But: oh! by Heav'ns, I cannot think 'tis so,
That you can suffer't, you have sworn it too——
If you are false——but sure that ne'er can be——
If I should find *Foscario* visit thee,
Him whom your Parents favour, but you've
swore,

And then what need *Philander* wish for more?
Yes, thou hast sworn, and call'd Heav'ns Ven-
geance down,
If e'er in Love you smil'd on him, but frown.
There's Danger in his mighty Fortune too——
But why should that vile Thought torment me
now?

Be gone, those idle Notions, needless Grief,
For *Silvia* loves, and will preserve my Life.

My Charmer, I your Orders can't obey,
Nor from the sight of *Belfont* go away,
Let the Design stand still, or else roll on,
For I'll not aid, to leave my Love undone.
Let Fortune and dull Fools the Drudg'ry have,
To lose a Minute's Joy, the World I would not
save.

In waiting the blest Hour, I take more pride,
Than to be Lord of all the World beside.

Yes, in those melancholy Shades I'll wait,
Part *Dorillus's* Farm from *Belfont's* Seat.

Perhaps

Perhaps my Fair may walk, that we might meet,
 And lose ourselves in that obscure Retreat.
 How hard's my Fate! why not without Controll
 Don't I lay claim to th' Charmer of my Soul?
 Ever with her live, ever on her gaze,
 And view the Beauties of her charming Face,
 With her to eat, to play, to sleep, to rise,
 Along with her to share all earthly Joys——

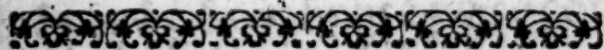
In vain I rave, and wishing is in vain,
 The barren Business of an empty Brain;
 I never can be blest'd, I'm sad as Death—
 Adieu; my Life depends upon thy Faith.

Philander.

*Try, my Adorable, what you
 can do to meet me in the
 Wood this Afternoon, for
 there I'll live to-day.*



LETTER



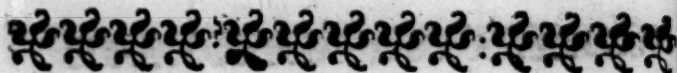
LETTER XXIV.
TO *PHILANDER*.

BY all your Love, to my Request comply,
Haste, haste, *Philander*, to *Cesario* fly,
By those dear Joys to-night design'd, don't stay,
I will be unsafe the Prince to disobey.
The Journey is but small, and you well know,
The Torment and the Fears I undergo.
Ne'er shall think you safe, nor ne'er be bless'd,
Till you have quit this fatal Interest.
Philander, go.——For all the Toils you take,
Silvia at Night a Recompence will make.

Silvia.



LETTER



LETTER XXV.
To SILVIA.

— **F**OR all the Toil you take,
Silvia at Night a Recompence will make—
I'm so inspir'd, that Wonders shall be done :
Yes, Silvia, yes, my lovely Maid, I'm gone,
I haste as fast as swiftest Lightning flies,
Or Darts of Love shot from thy charming Eyes;
I now obey the Orders given by you,
And I can hardly stay to say—Adieu.



To the Lady ---

DEAR CHILD,

LONG foreseeing the Misery you must
rive to by this fatal Correspondence with
my unhappy Lord, I often have with Tears
Pray

Prayers implor'd you to desist from so dangerous a Passion: I never have acquainted our Parents with your Misfortune, but I fear at last I must make use of their Authority, for the Prevention of your Ruin. My dearest Child, 'tis not that Part of this unhappy Story that relates to me, that grieves me, but purely that of thine.

O young, noble Maid, consider the Infamy of being a Prostitute! and yet in this fatal Amour, the Act itself is not the greatest Sin, but the Manner, which carries an unusual Horror with it; for 'tis a Brother, my Child, as well as a Lover, one too that has lain by thy unhappy Sister's Side so many tender Years, and by whom he has a dear and lovely Off-spring, by which he has more fix'd himself to thee by Relation and Blood. Oh fond, heedless Girl, consider this, and let not a momentary Joy rob thee of thy eternal Fame, me of my eternal Quiet, and fix a Brand upon our noble House, and so undo us all——Consider, alas, after so shameful an Action, thou must obscure thyself in some remote Corner of the World, where Honour and Honesty never are heard of: No, thy Face thou canst not show, but 'twill be pointed at for something monstrous; for a hundred Ages may not produce a Story so lewdly infamous and loose as thine. Perhaps, fond as you are, you think the sole Joy of being beloved by him, will make amends for those Affronts and Reproaches you will meet with in the censuring World:

World: But remember Child, and believe me, there is no lasting Faith in Sin, he that has broke his Vows with Heaven and me, will be perjur'd again to Heaven, and thee, and all the World—Once he thought me as lovely, lay at my Feet, and sigh'd away his Soul, and told such piteous Stories of his Sufferings, such mournful, such sad Tales of his departed Rest, his broken Heart, and everlasting Love, that sure I thought it had been a Sin not to have credited his charming Perjuries; he swore in such a Way, he sigh'd with such a Grace, so artfully he mov'd, so tenderly he look'd. Dear Child, alas, then all he said was new, never told before; now 'tis a beaten Road, 'tis learn'd by heart, and easily address'd to any fond, believing Woman; the worn out, the tatter'd Fragments of my Trophies, the Dregs of what I long since drain'd from off his fickle Heart; then it was fine, brisk, and new, now pall'd and dull, by being repeated often. My Child, think what your victorious Beauty merits, the Victim of a Heart unconquer'd by any but your Eyes: He has been, alas, my Captive, my humble, whining Slave, disdain to put on him your Fetters now; alas, he can say no new thing of his Heart to thee, 'tis Love at second-hand, and all its gaudy Lustre tarnish'd. My Child, besides, if thou hadst no Religion binding enough, no Honour that could stop thy fatal Course, yet Nature should oblige thee, and give a Check to the un-

rea-

reasonable Enterprize. The Griefs and the Dishonour of our noble Parents, who eminent have been for Virtue and Piety, oh do not suffer them to be regarded in this censuring World as the most unhappy of all the Race or old Nobility; you are the darling Child, the Joy of ail, the last Hope left, their Sorrows Refuge; for, alas, they have had but unkind Stars to influence their unadvised Off-spring: No want of Virtue in their Education, but this last Blow of Fate must strike 'em dead: Think of this, my Child, and yet retire from Ruin; fly, haste from Destruction, which fast pursues thee, haste, and save thy Parents, or a Sister, or what's more dear, thy Fame; already mine has received but too many desperate Wounds, and through my unkind Lord's growing Passion for thee, which most fatally was founded on my Ruin, and nothing but that could advance it. And when, my Sister, thou hast run thy Race, made thyself loath'd, undone, and infamous as Hell, abandon'd, and scorn'd by all, lampoon'd, perhaps diseas'd, this faithless Man, this Cause of all, will leave thee too, nauseated by Use, grow weary of thee; perhaps he may consider what Sins, what Evils, and what Shames and Inconveniences thou hast brought him to, and will not be the last shall hate and loath thee; for though Youth fancy it have a mighty Race of pleasing Vice and Vanity to run, the Course will end, and the Goal be arriv'd to at last, where
F they

they will fighting stand, look back, and view the length of precious Time they have fool'd away; when with Discretion and Honour 'tis travers'd o'er, how glorious were the Journey, and with what Joy the wearied Traveller lies down, and basks beneath the Shades that ends the happy Course.

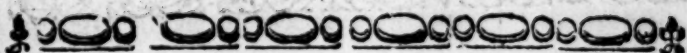
Dear Child, forgive this Advice, and pursue it; for 'tis the Effect of Pity, not Anger; nor could the Name of Rival ever yet have Power to banish that of Sister from my Soul.—Farewel, remember me. Heaven grant thou hast not this Night made a Forfeit of thy Honour, and that this, that comes from a tender, bleeding Heart, the Fortune may have to inspire thee with Grace to shun all Temptations for the future, since in Sorrow they must end; which is the eternal Prayer of,

Dearest Child,

Your affectionate Sister.



LETTER

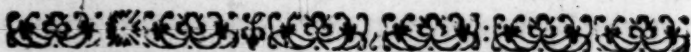


LETTER XXVI.
TO *PHILANDER*.

ASK me not the Reason of this Change,
Nor whence proceeds a Coldness that's so
strange?

It is enough, my dearest Brother, I
Am not decreed to you by Destiny.
I see my Error, if I further move,
Shall find Confusion in pursuit of Love:
To what dark Paths would Love betray me on?
Had I pursu'd him I had been undone:
But yet I will at last his Force subdue,
No more shall he his Flatteries renew;
I now am fix'd as Fate, Love has no Power,
Conjure you trouble my Repose no more,
For if you do (regardless of my Fame,
Which if you ever lov'd you would esteem)
I'll do a Deed shall cool your vicious Flame.
No more—remember you've a noble Spouse,
Remember she's Companion of your Vows:
I've Honour, there's no generous Love in you,
Honour and Courage too will *Silvia* shew.

Silvia.



LETTER XXVII.

TO SILVIA.

YES, *Silvia*, I no farther will pursue,
 Only for all the Pains I've borne for you;
 For all my Sufferings, and your long Delays,
 For sleepless Nights, and thoughtful, anxious
 Days;

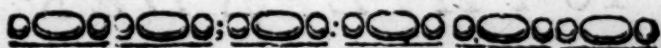
For all my faithless Hopes, my Sighs, my Fears,
 Unequal Passion, and my Prayers and Tears;
 And lastly, for my Death I only sue,
 In Recompence you'd this last Favour shew;
 To view the truest Heart that bleeding lies,
 That ever fell to Love a Sacrifice.
 You'll find my Body lie beneath that Oak,
 Where 'twas I first your soft Confessions took;
 Tho' now forgot as if they never were——
 Make haste, you'll find *Philander's* mangled Car-
 cass there.

Philander.

Ah, *Silvia*, was't for this that I was sent
 This Morning, when I to *Cesario* went?

Did

Did I for this from our Affair remove,
 Fly back to *Belfont* on the Wings of Love?
 Where, 'stead of the dear Blessings you should
 send,
 Ne'er see me more——Good Heav'n,——
 what is't I find——
 But with my Life all my Complaints will end.
 It would to know, some Ease in Death impart,
 What Rival arms thy Hand against *Philander's*
 Heart,



LETTER XXVIII.

TO PHILANDER.

P*hilander*, stay, obey this strict Command,
 Stop, I conjure, thy sacrilegious Hand;
 For the least Wound that to my Love it gives,
 Shall my own Breast a thousand fold receive:
 Stay then, by all thy Love, the Hopes I swear,
 This Night thou hast t' enjoy thy yielding Fair;
 Stay,—for when here the News arrives you're
 dead,
 My 'bandon'd Heart shall be a Victim made;

No, my *Philander*, I conjure you live,
Take all that thou can'st ask, or *Silvia* give.

Silvia.



LETTER XXVIII.

TO *PHILANDER*.

WHAT Recompence did my *Philander*
give

To my Commands, which were, to bid him live?
And while my Page on his Return did wait,
T' a harmless Rival he expos'd his Fate?
At once betray'd my Honour, and your Love,
Where kill, or to be kill'd, would both unhap-
py prove.

'Twas well my Page says he's disarm'd by you,
But yet he says that you are wounded too.
For Cure, *Philander*, to my Arms repair,
I die for fear there should be Danger there.
Haste, let me bathe the Part in Floods of Tears,
Lay 't to my Lips, and bind it with my Hair.
I rave, *Philander*, with Concern for thee,
Ready to break all Laws of Decency;

Without

Without confid'ring, to thy Succour fly,
But that I fear 'twill make Discovery ;
Pray Heav'n they may n't the News at *Belfont*
hear,

Foscario has no Cause to tell it there,
To boast the Conquest ; you are far too brave,
And trusty *Silvio*'s silent as the Grave.

Without Reply why was he sent away ?

Philander, what will you not me obey ?

Will you abandon me, and perjur'd prove,
This Night too will you disappoint your Love ?

Oh ! obstinately cruel ! what is't I've done ?

What, can't I for the first Offence atone ?

If I a little Care of Honour take,

Must that in you such a Resentment make ?

Besides, I'd Cause enough to quench Desire,

A Letter that would cool the hottest Fire,

Could do no less, 'twas such a Check to me,

Than bid farewell to Love, at least to thee——

I alter'd soon ; my former Thoughts retain,

One angry Line from you, gain'd Love the Day
again,

Made me to yield a willing Sacrifice,

The Censures of the duller World despise.

I ask'd a thousand times, what 'twas you said,

And on my Boy your silent Fault I laid ;

Ask'd in what Manner mine you did receive,

With Tears he says,——when my Commands he
gave,

Wildly you look'd, and on him fix'd your Eyes;
 Survey'd him o'er, and seem'd in a Surprise,
 The Letter read, cry'd in an angry Tone,
 I cannot answer Flattery; be gone—
 And while you walk'd a solemn death-like Pace,
 He saw *Foscario* unattended pass,
 Saw your Rencounter, which o'er, haste he made,
 Order'd his Aid to tie the Wounds you had:
 You took no Notice, as you bleeding lay,
 Of's proffer'd Service; order'd him away.
 How can I live with this Neglect by you?
Philander, O! what would you have me do?
 T' atone, if Death or Ruin will suffice,
 To you, with Joy, I'll either sacrifice;
 Yes, yes, my Passion I'll aloud proclaim,
 At *Belfant* I'll declare the guilty Flame,
 My Love for you to all the World I'll own,
 Fly to *Philander's* Aid, and be undone;
 For thus I cannot, will not live; I rave,
 I languish, faint, and dying Pains receive.
 Say that you live, O say but that you love,
 Say, that you're coming tow' rds the Garden-Grove,
 T' approach my Arms; swear too that you are
 true,
 And in return I'll swear the like to you.

Silvia:

*I die with Impatience either to see or hear from
 you: I fear 'tis yet too soon for the first—O there-
 fore*

fore save me with the last, or I shall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus's Farm, or seeking you where-ever you cruelly have hid yourself.



LETTER XXX.

To SILVIA.

OH! *Silvia*, you have ruin'd in one Day,
 What took up Years, to the Foundation lay.
 Faint, wond'rous Fair, why did the Pow'rs divine
 Such Perfidy with so much Beauty join?
 To such a Wit put so much Cunning too?
 Things inconsistent are in all but you,
 Met in one Frame, they Mankind must undo.

Silvia was born to murder more than one,
 Each that believes will be like me undone;
 Say, Hypocrite, why am I thus betray'd,
 And why the Object of thy Vow Breach made?
 What have I done, thou fickle Maid, to thee?
 Say, what, that thou my Murderers should'st be?
 Why by your soft Commands am I thus led
 From th' silent Grave? they would awake the
 Dead.

When of your Treachery my Eyes had view,
Do you intend to torture me anew?
How much more kind 't'ad been, thou fickle
Maid,

If with plain Truth I'd in my Grave been laid,
Than with a subtle Falshood lead me on,
That has thy Credit in my Soul undone;
Truth, tho' cruel, would gen'rous shew in you,
Tho' thou wert false, forsworn, and perjur'd too.
You might have been provok'd your Friend to
slay,

But base to do't when he defenceless lay;
Smile in my Face, and strike me to the Heart,
And all the tenderest Marks of Love impart.
An Invitation would have Credit gain'd,
In one who oft such jilting Tricks sustain'd;
And all to send m' away both pleas'd and vain,
That you another Love might entertain,
Destructive, glorious thing, fantastick Fair!
Tell me what need of this Deceit there were,
Had you not urg'd with Care unwont in you,
And forc'd me to *Cesario* to go,
By Heav'n I'd dully liv'd the tedious Day,
In flow'ry Meads had pass'd the time away,
Each Minute told, and thought on *Silvia's* Charms,
'Till the Time came to clasp her in my Arms,
A fond, believing Fool; had bless'd the Hours,
Nor seen the Snake that bask'd beneath the
Flow'rs;

Thou'ft

Thou'lt safely cozen'd me, hast reap'd new Joys,
 My Rival sport, at my Expence he buys,
 At your Request, some Jealousy I had,
 Which me impatient with *Cesar* made,
 Form'd an Excuse, with posting Haste I ride
 Back, where my Joys and all my Fears reside.
 When I came there, how welcom'd was by you
 B' your Billet, *Dorillus* can tell you how,
 Between whose Arms (shame on me) dead I lay,
 Recover'd, to the Grove I took my way,
 Where—by all that's good, by thyself I swear
 An Oath I cannot swear by that's more dear,
 I did resolve to die when I came there.

But O how soon did my soft Passion turn
 To Rage, that's far more easy to be borne,
 To Fury, and Revenge, to dire Despair!
 I saw my Rival, saw *Foscario* there,
 All warm he seem'd, and hasten'd thro' the Grove,
 Just glowing, from the Arms of her I love;
 The Blushes in his Cheeks thy Eyes had made,
 Were fresh, sparkling his Looks, his Heart was
 glad,

And in a peaceful Smile his Face was dress'd,
 While he perfum'd the Air thro' which he pass'd.
 None, but the Man who loves like me, can tell,
 Express the mighty Sense of Rage I feel;
 From my Heart took the Sword (with Grief un-
 done)

To send it to his elevated one.

Gave only Time to draw—and I confess,
 The Spark was wond'rous brisk with his Success,
 Vain with your Favours—this I only heard—
If Silvia be the Quarrel—I'm prepar'd—
 Your Cause, I own, with Courage he maintain'd,
 'Till from him I, by chance, his Weapon gain'd;
 I would have gave it back, have died for you,
 But he refus'd to arm his Hand anew.
 Then Malice told me, I should scorn to die,
 For one that was so full of Perfidy.
 But charming, tempting still, 'twas then I'd
 thought

To read the Billet d'er your Page had brought,
 Which melted all the Rage that did remain,
 Away, into tame Languishment again!
Silvia, ne'er hard was form'd this Heart of mine,
 To Stubbornness 'twill never long incline.
 I'd willingly excuse, and not mistrust,
 And fain would think thee innocent, and just;
 Deceive me prettily, thou can'st, I know,
 Sooth my fond Heart, and ask then of it, how
 It could have such a faithless Thought of thee,
 Protest that you did not *Foscario* see,
 Or if you did, let my Soul be deceiv'd,
 Say, with how cold a Look he was receiv'd,
 I'll still love on, and thou shalt be believ'd.
 Yet should'st thou tell me Truth, thy Falshood
 shew,

By Heav'ns, my *Silvia*, I adore thee so,

I still should love thee on ; should I have seen
 Thee clasping him thy lovely Arms between,
 If on his Cheeks your Kisses I perceive,
 So fondly love, I think I should forgive.
 By all the Pow'rs that pity Mortals here,
 Without thee there's no Joy, no Heav'n, I swear.
 Be false, be cruel, perjur'd o'er and o'er,
 I find I still for ever must adore.
 My Soul was form'd of nothing but of Love,
 And all that Love and Soul does *Silvia's* prove.
 Excuse thou'st fram'd, go on with the Deceit,
 For thou can'st do't, I shall not find the Cheat,
 I'll lay me at thy Feet, for there resides
 Such vast Content, not in the World besides.

Take Care of me, I yield to thy Commands,
 My Life, my Fame, my Soul, are in thy Hands ;
 Be tender of the Victims, know you too,
 If any Action of your Life shall shew
 A fading Love, the Change when I perceive,
 Dead at your Feet you'll find your fond, abandon'd Slave.

Philander.

*Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow,
 in order to my Approach to Silvia, the World afford-
 ing no Repose to me, but when I am where the dear
 Charmer is.*

LETTER



LETTER XXXI.

To Philander in the Meadow.

AND can you then so jealous be of me?
 I mean so bigotted to Jealousy,
 To think such Falshood I could e'er retain,
 What's worse, of loving any but my Swain?
 Who'd think it e'er could enter in that Breast,
 That Soul, which is with *Silvia* so possess'd,
 A Soul that is so great a Judge of Love?
 Reproach me, hate me, and your Flames remove,
 When-e'er I harbour such a Thought in mine;
 Destructive 'tis to my Repose and thine.
 How of my Love a greater Proof can shew,
Philander, than of b'ing undone by you?
 What Prospect have I in this soft Affair,
 But lasting Shame, Dishonour, and Despair,
 Not only here, but e'en hereafter too?
 I tremble now with fear of future Woe.
 I might be sav'd with any other Passion,
 Any but you possess without Damnation.
 But 'tis, alas, a Brother I pursue,
 A Sister 'tis gives up her Honour now.

And

And none but *Canace* I in story find;
 E'er to so criminal a Love inclin'd.
 'Tis possible that I may meet her Fate,
 As *Aeolus* I have a Father great,
 As full of Wrath, and as revengful too,
 When he's as the Honour of his House in view.
 Dear Brother too, you found last Night how near
 I th' Garden you to a Discov'ry were.
 This Night's Adventure I have Cause to fear,
 And am afraid you'll be suspected here.
 As Fate would have 't, being loaded o'er with
 Thought,
 Your meeting with the Count I had forgot,
 Nor told *Melinda*, and I'm now afraid
 The Count has met her, and Discov'ry made.
 This Morn he saw 'er, she strove t' avoid his
 Sight,
 But he cry'd out, — *You cannot in the Light,*
Lose me, so soon as in the Dark last Night,
 She said, *She to Alexis would be true,*
She was not there, nor e'er design'd it so.
 He cry'd, *Did not return, you should have said,*
For with my Heart and Money too you fled.
 And now at stake *Melinda's* Honour lay,
 Forgetting in her Shape you went away,
 Then blushing, sharply she the Fact deny'd,
 With a Disdain that laid Respect aside.
 Nor can it doubted be, but he thought there
 Some other Love-Intrigues at *Belfont* were.

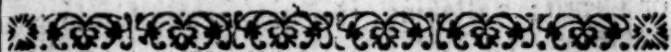
Then

Then fearful of my Fame I've Cause to be,
 Reason to own so wise a Man as he
 Will never think the Parley held last Night,
 Was with a Shade, or that he sued a Spright;
 If there no Boldness be like that of Love,
 Ne'er an Heroine e'er like me shall prove,
 Undaunted, I'll the Shock of all defy,
 Nor leave you any Doubt or Jealousy.
 And when I urg'd *Philander* to depart,
 Heav'n knows, *Foscario* ne'er was in my Heart.
 And you have here, to prove me innocent,
 The Letter which to me by him was sent;
 Which as it fell into my Mother's hands,
 He was admitted by her strict Commands.
 Coldly I saw him, forc'd Complaisance wear,
 With Fortitude his wracking Courtship bear,
 And worthy a great Heart, as Martyrs do,
 I suffer'd, and no Signs of murmur shew.
 My Love to justify I have no need,
 A thousand Ways its own Cause it can plead,
 Such as can't doubted, or resisted be,
 Briefly of sacrificing all to thee.

Silvia.

*About an Hour hence I shall
 expect you to advance.*

To

*To the Lady -----*

TIS not always the Graces divine where-
with Heaven has your resplendent Beau-
ties adorn'd, can maintain the innumerable Con-
quests they gain, without a noble Goodness to make
you sensibly compassionate the poor and forlorn Cap-
tives you have undone. But, fairest of your Sex,
'tis I alone that have Destiny more severe and
cruel, and find myself from your very Frowns
wounded, and not only made a Slave, but secur'd
one; the very Scorn, from those triumphant Stars
your Eyes, have the same Power as if they shin'd
with the continual Splendor of ravishing Smiles,
and I can no more avoid their killing Influence,
than their all-saving Aspects; and I shall die con-
tented, since by so glorious a Fate I fall. If you
vouchsafe to pronounce my Doom from your
Mouth, that Store-house of Perfection, from Lips
that open like the blushing Rose, strow'd o'er
with Morning Dew, and from a Breath sweeter
than holy Incense; in order to which, most ex-
cellent Beauty, I approach you with this humble
Petition, that you will deign to suffer me to throw
my

my unworthy self before the Throne of your Mercy, there to receive the Sentence of my Life or Death; a Blessing, tho' incomparably too great for so mean a Vassal, yet with that Awe and Reverence I shall receive it, as I would the Sentence of the Gods, and which I will resist no more than I would the Thunderbolts of *Jove*, or the Revenge of angry *Juno*. For, Madam, my immense Passion no Medium knows between Life and Death, and as I never had the Presumption to aspire to the Glory of the first, I am not so abject as to fear I am wholly depriv'd of the Glory of the last; too long have I lain convicted, your Mercy extend, and put me out of my Pain: You often have wreck'd me to confess my *Promethean* Sin; spare the cruel Vultur of Despair, from my Heart in pity take him, and either by killing Words, or blasting Lightning from those resplendent Eyes pronounce the Death of,

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

Foscario.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

TO SILVIA.

My everlasting Charmer,

MY Fears are vanish'd, I'm convinc'd in you
A Heav'n of Joy is open'd to my View,

I've now no other Prospect in my Sight,
But Youth and Beauty, that's like Angels bright,
Transports unconceiv'd, ev'ry charming Sound,
Eternal Pleasures compass me around;

Mah' met ne'er fancy'd such a Heav'n as this,
Such Joys ne'er promis'd in his Paradise,
Or Maid provide with such bewitching Eyes,
Such glorious Looks, where the Soul speaks and
plays,

Each Glance the Secrets of her Love betrays,
Where ev'ry Feature in her lovely Face,
So sweetly languishes, has ev'ry Grace;
Such Arms, his promis'd Years of Extasies,
Can't make one Moment of my Silvia's Joys!

Thou

Thou Blessing sent, Ease to my Life t' impart,
 Thou dear Delight of my fond, doating Heart,
 Whither wilt lead me? to what Heights of Love
 T' Extreame as dang'rous as your Hate wou
 prove,

Silvia, take Care, manage my o'er-joy'd Soul,
 And all its eager Passions too controul,
 Chide my fond Heart, if on thy Breast I fall,
 And don't me with thy tender Voice recall,
 Lay not thy Lips to mine, deny those Bliss'es,
 But let me lie untouch'd, unpres'd with Kisses:
 O change that tender Tongue that's form'd fo

Love,

To noisy Sounds, and roughly let it move,
 And when you do perceive my dying Eyes,
 Call not my Soul to mingle with your Sighs,
 Yet should'st thou bate one Word, one Look,

Tear,

I should be mad, by all the Gods I swear;
 Ne'er let me live to see thy Love decline,
 Nor see decay those Fondnesses of thine;
 None in a Maid did with such Lustre shine,
 Nor e'er receiv'd with greater Thanks than mine--

Pardon my Rashness, O thou lovely Maid,
 In this Rencontre with *Foscario* had,
 I'm satisfied, disfavour'd he's in you,
 And merits not in mine the being so.
 I saw a Joy in's Face made me mistrust,
 And think my Quarrel reas'nable and just;

By

th' Style he writes, now I've his Letter read,
 his Sense no more I than his Person dread.
 at you, my lovely Maid, have given proof,
 to quit my Fears, for both have said enough—
 the Night comes on—to finish I've no Light,
 at yet it will more gloriously requite—
 come on, thou bless'd Retreat, which Lovers
 want,
 for Interruption I Forgiveness grant,
 since thou'lt conduct me to my Silvia's Charms,
 and guard me while I revel in her Arms.

Philander.

*If you have any Commands for me, this Weeder
 the Gardens, whom I met going in thither, will
 bring it back; I wait in the Meadow, and date
 this from the dear Primrose Bank, where I have
 it with Silvia.*



LETTER

By



LETTER XXXIII.
TO PHILANDER.

After the happy Night.

'TIS done; O my *Philander*, yes, 'tis done
What will not Love and Grief oblige me
own?

By what degrees a blushing Virgin may
Be brought t' her Lover any thing to say;
I've known the innocent, the happy Time,
When but to think I lov'd you was a Crime;
'T' have spoke it would have made my Colour rise,
And t'wards the Earth to bend my guilty Eyes:
Dar'd not my charming Conqueror to behold,
Altho' in Love I now am grown so bold—
When busy Hands would lead me to my Coach,
Mine in my Pockets put to save the Touch—
A Kiss my Stomach turn'd, Looks made me vain,
Whoever sent 'em did my Hatred gain.
And never yet like me was any Maid,
Resolv'd so much in Honour's Paths to tread.

Thus

Thus arm'd 'gainst all with Pride and Innocence,
 But 'gainst a Brother I made no Defence;
 Expos'd I lay to his Attacks of Love,
 Heedless, 'till in my Breast new Passions move.
 O that I should not die the Crime to own,
 See I'm from one Degree t' another blown.
 The shameful Truth, act with a Brother too —
 O Heavens! a Crime so monstrous, and so new--
 But by thy Love, by those Joys lately lent —
 never will — no, never can repent:
 O harden'd Love! sure some Remorse might own
 Some sighing after Honour lost and gone;
 But why dissemble with the Pow'r's divine,
 'Tis they my Soul t' eternal Love incline.
 But yet I tear myself, am raving mad,
 With soft Confusion view the guilty Bed,
 Survey the Prints where thou and I were laid,
 Survey it with a thousand tender Sighs,
 Kiss thy dear Print, imagine o'er our Joys;
 Then fainting, down in the dear Place I lie,
Philander! O my charming God! I cry,
 My Soul's Delight, m' eternal Pleasure too,
 How soft my Heart's already made by you.
 But O, *Philander*, — if (as I've been told)
 Possession makes us fond, should make you cold,
 And having made a full Discovery,
 Art surfeited with the repeated Joy,
 Were undone! I swear by all above,
 By thy dear self, and by thy Vows of Love,

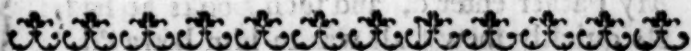
Th'

Th' Idea so transcend't of Man to me,
 That surely you must more than human be;
 In ev'ry Touch there dwells some Pow'r divine,
 In ev'ry Look all heav'nly Graces shine.
 In Nature there some Secret is, I swear,
 That fits thee to my Soul, and makes thee dear;
 Ask it not me, let it suffice'tis so,
 For 'tis impossible to tell you how:
 I know that thou'rt created for my Soul,
 Which you alone have Power to controul.
 My Eyes and Mind might have diverted been,
 Prefer'd that Face, that Shape or Air I'd seen—
 But in my Soul to make such Passions move,
 To make it capable of more than Love,
 Just as he is should my *Philander* shew,
 That Shape, that Air, and that Proportion too,
 I would not have a Feature alter'd be,
 Just as thou art, an Angel art to me.
 And I, without considering what I do,
 Without reflecting on thy Marriage-Vow,
 Have firmly fix'd my Soul to Love and you--- }
 Thou'rt gone, the Trophies of my Honour got,
 They now, perhaps, are never in thy thought—
 But here, by all th' eternal Pow'rs I vow,
 When I perceive Decay of Love in you,
 If broke's one Oath, or Coldness in your Eyes,
 By Heav'n I swear, your faithful *Silvia* dies—
 You may believe that I courageous am,
 Since I durst love, durst sacrifice my Fame,

My

My all, to justify that Love did give,
Will, when a Change so fatal shall arrive,
(Then have a Care, assure yourself that I)
When that Time comes will Courage find to die.

Silvia.



LETTER XXXIV.

TO PHILANDER.

WHERE shall I find Repose, where Quiet
have?

Oh where, but in my last Retreat the Grave?
I say not this, that I my Love repent,
Tho' 'tis the Source of all my Discontent.
Already we're betray'd, our Joys are gone,
Our stol'n Delights are ended, e'er begun—
At Morning's Dawn I bid you haste away,
But Heav'n knows, I wish'd that you might stay.
The Day came on, and spread its Light all o'er,
Yet still you cry'd, One blessed Minute more,
I can't yet part with what I love so dear,
And Hours then but as short Minutes were.
Day all abroad, had call'd each Household Spy,
Into the Secrets of our Loves to pry;

G

Some

Some busy Fool *Philander* did behold,
 The News was quickly to my Father told,
 My Mother does refuse to see me now,
 While I, possess'd with mighty Love and you,
 Imagining our Theft of Love to none
 Except to Heav'n and to *Melinda* known,
 An End of the enclos'd no sooner made,
 My Father enter'd, and such Looks he had,
 As quickly shew'd all was to him betray'd.
 A while he gaz'd, with Fierceness in his Eyes,
 All pale, I trembling fell with the Surprise,
 He rais'd me up, and fix'd so sad a Look,
 As any Heart but mine it would have broke,
 I wept—and waited when the Storm should be,
 Which turn'd t' a Show'r so soft, would make
 one die to see.

At last a Paper gave, with broken Sighs,
 And trembling, interrupted Voice, he cries,
What I to thee can't tell (he weeping said)
Thou only Object of my Dotage, read;
Thou Joy and Hope of all my aged Years,
How hast thou brought me to my Grave with Tears.
 So left me with the Paper in my Hand,
 While I some time unmov'd, and speechless stand
 'Till he awak'd me with new Tears and Sighs,
 For passing thro' the Room, he cast his Eyes
 Upon my Bed, there the Disorder spies,
Oh! wretched Silvia! thou art lost! he cries.
 Then left me fainting, and I found too true,
 The Letter that he gave me came from you.

First they perceiv'd you in the Garden here,
And follow'd you 'till in the Farm you were,
They watch'd your Motions, and by chance did
see,

The Letter *Dorillus* should bring to me.
The nearest way they then to *Belfont* haste,
And told my Father ev'ry thing had past,
Who going out, did *Dorillus* command
To give the Letter sent into his Hand.
His Vassal gave it, nor durst he dispute,
With one that is so great, and absolute.
You'd taken Horse e'er he return'd to you,
So our Misfortunes you're a Stranger to——
What shall I do? Or seek for Refuge where?
From the impending Danger that's so near?
The Face of ev'ry thing is changed here,
And nothing does but silent Grief appear.
There's none the Reason for the Cause can shew,
None but my Parents and *Melinda* know.
Melinda and my Page discarded are,
As Confidants suppos'd in this Affair,
Strange Creatures of their own attend me now;
Without thy dear Advice, I'm lost, but how
Can my *Philander* give Advice to me?
Or how, indeed, shall I send these to thee?
Unless some God of Love should us befriend,
In pity to us should Assistance lend?
I'll try my Boy, he does good-natur'd shew,
He is well born, and may be honest too.

G 2

Thus

Thus far, e'er Supper brought, to you was writ.

I'm not yet suffer'd in my Parents Sight.

Those that I have to wait upon me, say,

Mertilla is to *Belfont* come to-day.

All's carried closely in my Mother's Room,
I tremble at the Thought of what will come.

I've try'd my Boy, but I perceive that they

Are strictly charg'd, my Orders not t' obey;

He 'as promis'd that I shall a Weeder see,

Who'll thro' my Window take these Lines from me.

If what he says, shall happen to be true,

This fatal Knowledge I shall get to you,

Not only, that for th' worst you may prepare,

But set at liberty your wretched Fair.

The unfortunate

Silvia

*My Heart is ready to break, and my Eyes are
drown'd in Tears: Oh Philander, how much un-
like the last, will prove this fatal Night! fare-
well, and think of Silvia.*

LETTER



LETTER XXXV.

This was writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

O H my *Philander*! ah I fear'd would be,
 All that I dreaded, now is fall'n on me;
 I've been arraign'd, and am convicted too,
 By Judges fierce as in the Shades below,
 A Father, Mother, and a Sister fate,
 In Condemnation, and pronounc'd my Fate;
 The Fact, alas, was too, too open laid,
 Too many Truths, to leave me room to plead.
 But Heavens! Oh, had you beheld the Tears,
 Of heard the Threats, Reproaches, and the
 Prayers;
 These from an injur'd Sister I receive,
 And those too my heart-broken Parents give,
 An angry Father t'a bad Conscience join'd,
 Thou would'st have wondred at my Strength of
 Mind,
 My Fortitude, my Courage, must approve,
 My Resolution, and all too from Love.

For surely, under all I could not live,
 Did not thy pow'rful Love Assistance give:
 Thro' all the Accidents in Life, to me,
 That can, and will, my strong Supporter be.

Amidst the Noise with which my Ears they fill,
 A secret Whisper said, you lov'd me still.
 Discarded by your Parents, Love replies,
Philander loves, will *Silvia* ne'er despise.
 Thrown from thy Mother's and thy Sister's Arms,
 His still are open to receive thy Charms—
 And tho' I rave, and die to see them grieve,
 To think I should so much Confusion give,
 'Tis piteous to behold my Sister's Sighs,
 My Parents sad Despair, and weeping Eyes,
 A Sight would make the hardest Heart repent,
 Yet mine 'tis far from making to relent;
 Yet in my Breast some Sparks of Pity move,
 Can weep to see th' Effects of wanton Love.
 But yet, I no Repentance have within,
 No, no Remorse for the dear, charming Sin,
 My Mother's Languishment shouldst thou behold,
 No bitter Stories from her Mouth are told,
 No Tears lets fall, sits with a downcast Sight,
 As sad as Death, and will not view the Light;
 Shouldst thou see it, if't not to Pity mov'd thee,
 Yet sure thou 'dst grieve, that thou hadst ever
 lov'd me——

Sure Love in me my Nature quite has chang'd,
 Or on my Heart this Ruin should revenge;

Each

Each Moment vow against the God of Love,
But 'tis too late, as oft I perjur'd prove,—
O should the pow'rful Gods Revenge but take
On all the broken Vows which Lovers make,
Each Lover then must answer for these Crimes,
There's none but would be damn'd a thousand
times ;

Each Quarrel makes us swear to love no more,
Each Smile makes us forget the Oaths we swore.

Let all the Force of Virtue, Honour join,
With Parents too, to make me Love resign,
If you but look on me with those dear Eyes,
Or press me to your Cheeks in gentle Sighs,
Fold me—and cry—Ah, *Silvia*, must we part !
I know we can't ; remember mine thou art—
Such Eloquence will in those Words appear,
When utter'd by a Voice that is so dear,
Can't be withstood, alas, I find 'em so—
Will easily break thro' each feeble Vow.

Yes, I must be undone, and perjur'd too,
Must disobedient and unnatural show,
Incorrigible, bear a thousand Slanders,
Or any thing, rather than not *Philander's*.
Turn then from these domestic Scenes, my Soul,
Look forward, let that charming Sight controul ;
On thy *Philander* look, the young, the blest'd,
Whose Looks infuse a Joy throughout thy Breast,
Will chase away all Sorrow, and all Care,
And will not let one anxious Thought be there.

Where art thou, dear Undoer? now thou'st got
 The Prize, the riss'd Captive is forgot.
 What, not a Line? two tedious Days are o'er,
 And I've not heard; assist me, some kind Pow'r.
 Thou may'st have sent, — they ne'er may reach
 my Eyes,

'Till they fresh Witnesses against me rise——
 I cannot think that you forgetful grow,
 For if you did, my Heart so well you know,
 It would not live; confirm my kind Belief,
 Make haste, *Philander*, send me some Relief.

Near half a League from hence there is a Gate,
 To open which an ancient Man does wait,
 His Daughter 'tis does in our Garden weed,
 By her to you these Lines will be convey'd,
 And she'll bring thine; I can our House deceive,
 Let down a String, and them from her receive.
 I'll say no more, nor no Instructions give,
 How'tis you may your faithful *Silvia* save.

Silvia.



LETTER



LETTER XXXVI.

TO SILVIA.

That which was left in her hands by Monsieur her Father, in her Cabinet.

My adorable Silvia,

I Can no more my parting Pains express,
 Than the vast Joys I did last Night possess;
 They both were killing, both were to excess. }
Silvia, by all the Raptures in thy Arms,
 By all thy ravishing and beauteous Charms,
 I swear by all the Joys of this last Night,
 Thou hast increas'd my Love to that vast height,
 It has undone me, my Repose is fled——
 This dear, dear Night has me unhappy made.
 I must have *Silvia*, or I cannot live,
 A Day, nor Hour without her can't survive——
 No, if at stake the Universe was laid,
 Without intire Possession of my Maid:
 I'm none of those, that when one Beauty's rais'd
 An Appetite; another can appease,

The Flame can't carry, kindled by your Charms,
 I can't, to quench it in *Mertilla's* Arms;
 No, *Silvia*, by th' eternal Pow'rs I swear,
 He that loves so, need never Danger fear.
 He ne'er was born to live or die for Love,
Silvia, *Mertilla*, t' him the same would prove.
 No, *Silvia*, when you find that once I'm led,
 If I return to th' Matrimonial Bed,
 Despise me, scorn me, loath me, hate me, say
 I love thee not, for then you justly may.
 Let him drudge on, and ease his youthful Fire,
 Whom any Body's Kisses can inspire.
 Love is a nobler Flame, has no Allays,
 But she that did at first the Sparkles raise.
 No, no, my purer Stream shall never run
 Back to that Fountain whence it once is gone.
 It is impossible, in vain 'tis strove
 To love again, when one has ceas'd to love,
 As 'tis Desire and Wishes to recall;
 By Heav'n, there's nothing seems s' unnatural:
 No, with my *Silvia* 'tis that I must live,
 I die, unless to me your All you give.
 I'm go'ng from thee; when shall we meet——ye
 Pow'rs,

Oh how shall I support my absent Hours!
 Thoughts will destroy me, they'll be all on thee,
 At such a Distance can't supported be——
 If after Toils I could lie down by thee
Herculean Labours then would easy be——

Th'

Th' Affairs of State, the harsh Fatigues of War,
The Business, and the Noise of Life could bear,
And with Respect could treat *Mertilla* too,
Such as a gen'rous Husband ought to do:
In ev'ry Place I then could easy be,
And ev'ry one should be at ease with me.
Now I shall go, and find no *Silvia* there,
Wander as if on Foreign Shores I were,
As peevish as a Child, shall fret and teaze,
No Bauble can my wayward Fancy please;
I shall be cross withal, and can't comply;
In anger ask, and sullenly reply.
When by Retreat I think to ease my Soul,
A thousand Wishes my Desires controul;
Pain me to raving, until down I lie,
Beating the Floor—aloud—my *Silvia*—cry;
Thus, thus, my Fair, *Philander* is employ'd,
When banish'd from the Bliss he has enjoy'd.
And if then thus it us'd to be before,
When I the Outside only did adore,
What now thou'st shewn a thousand Graces
more?

Oh pity me, for 'tis not in thy pow'r,
To guess the Pains in Absence I endure;
Thou'st charm'd my Soul to an Excess so high,
Alas, I find I do already die.

I still am here, and have not Pow'r to go,
A thousand Looks my Eyes t'wards *Belfont* throw;
Love keeps me here,—Honour commands away;
When shall we meet, my lovely *Silvia*, say:
G 6. You'll:

You'll see me dead, this Life I can't endure,
 You must be mine, or I must be no more—
 Fail not a hundred times a-day to send.
 Farewel, and on thee may all Joys attend.
 I've bid *Alexis* wait what comes from thee,
 And post immediately with them to me.
 Once more, Farewel—'till I'm with you again,
 There's not on Earth a more unhappy Swain,

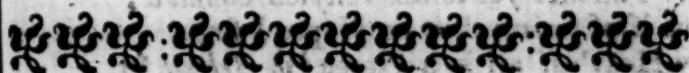
Than your

Philander.

Know, my *Angel*, that passing thro' the Garden
 I met *Erasto*—I fear he saw me near enough to
 know me, and will give an Account of it. Let me
 know what happens—Adieu; half dead, just ta-
 king Horse to go from *Silvia*.



LETTER



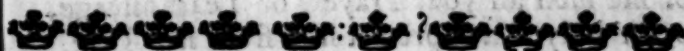
LETTER XXXVII.

TO PHILANDER.

Written in the Leaf of a Table-Book.

Philander, I have only time to say,
On *Thursday* I must be *Foscario's* Prey:
The Life of *Silvia* finishes that Day.

Silvia.



LETTER XXXVIII.

TO SILVIA.

From Dorillus's Farm.

MAD with the News your Billet brought to
me,
I'm hither come, whate'er th' Effects may be:
I've

I've Patience yet to keep myself confin'd ;
 But if of seeing thee no Hopes I find,
 By Heav'n's, all in a Flame I'll *Belfont* set,
 Be sure I'll do't, but I'll my *Silvia* get.
 What ! *Silvia* to be married, do you say ?
 And from *Philander* given quite away—
 False Fair!—what ! give *Foscario* your Charms !
 Shall he be grasp'd in those dear naked Arms ?
 Press thy snowy Breast—command thy Joys—
 no—

Furies and Hell surround me if he do—

Oh *Silvia*, faithless, perjur'd, charming Fair,
 Thou fickle Angel—to my Vows give ear,
 The Moment that the Priest your Hand shall give,
 From me his Death your Lover shall receive,
 Before the Altar he his Death shall meet,
 By Heav'n's I swear, I'll stab him at your Feet.
 Nor me shall all your Prayers or Tears assuage,
 Nor th' holy Place protect him from my Rage.
 Look to't,—yet I'll not trust thy Faith, for she
 That suffers such a Sin, sure damn'd must be.
 More Ruin too perhaps meet in thy Way,
 Thou shalt not 'scape till the Damnation-Day,
 For I will wrack, will thee with Tortures grieve,
 All those few Hours that I have left to live ;
 And when I'm dead—as quickly I shall be,
 Shall fall a Victim to your Cruelty—
 Know, Murderers, I'll always haunt thy Sight,
 Be with thee, and surround thy Bed at Night.

And

And will thee from the Ravisher affright,
Check all thy Joys, and spoil thy loose Delight--
Oh! I am mad, I cannot think that Thought,
Thou can't in Wickedness so far be brought.

I'll save thee if I can——O lovely Fair,
Why dost thou make me all these Torments bear?
How hast thou sworn, so loud, and often too,
That Heav'n has heard, and sure will punish you,
How didst thou swear, that Night we both were
bless'd,

Weeping with melting Softness on my Breast—
Remember, Oh, how that dear Night you swore--
When I've recover'd Strength——I'll tell thee
more——

The Story of that Night I must repeat,
Which thou perhaps (Oh faithless!) dost forget—
That glorious Night did most auspicious prove,
Each fav'ring Pow'r smil'd on our Thefts of Love,
That Night, the full Reward of all my Grief,
First of my Joys, the blessed'st of my Life,
Trembling and fainting, when your Chamber
found,

While with your Arms you grasp'd my Body
round——

Remember, fainting at your Feet was laid,
To call back Life what tender things you said—
Remember, how you kiss'd, my Face you stroke,
Remember what dear, charming Words you
spoke;

When

When I recover'd, how I ask'd of you,
 Will you continue thus, be always so,
 Will you be ever mine, and ever true?
 What then did *Silvia* vow, what then did say,
 When kneeling on the Carpet where I lay,
 And how did you invoke each heav'nly Pow'r,
 Their greatest Vengeance on your Head to show'r,
 If e'er you lov'd another Man again,
 Or touch'd, or smil'd on any but your Swain:
 The Oaths you swore, both Heav'n and Hell a-
 wake,

One angry heard, to what it knew thou'dst break,
 The other laugh'd, to know thou'dst perjur'd be,
 And only I there was deceiv'd by thee.

Your Kisses stopp'd my Lips, your Vows my
 Tongue,

You kiss'd, and vow'd, as on my Neck you hung.
 Oh! charming Flatt'rer, thy beguiling Art,
 Did Life and Peace to my fond Soul impart,

'Twas then, my Fair, I press'd my eager Flame,
 With Fondness your Resistance overcame.

My Reason's strong, for you was mine by Love,
 Who could to you a better Title prove?

How oft I cry'd—*Why this Resistance, Fair?*

Pray tell me whose thou art, my charming Dear,

Art thou not mine? my own command I may—

O yes, you must—cruel—to disobey—

We struggled then, half Words, half Sighs were
 made,

Unreasonable, on both sides softly said.

And

And thus we strove—and both lay panting still,
Not with the Rapture tir'd, but with the Toil.
What follow'd after this, I need not name—
What tender Mixtures were 'twixt Joy and Shame,
With Kisses dry'd each single Tear you wept,
Unable any Language to repeat. .
But O, my Fair!—then hugg'd you to my Breast,
While silent Sighs of Joy express'd the rest—
While ev'ry tender Word, and ev'ry Sigh,
My lovely *Silvia* did to me reply,
You press'd me to you, and you vow'd, and said,
You lov'd me now much more than e'er you did.
Your blushing Face you'd in my Bosom hide,
Then, with Excess of Love, to Heav'n you cry'd—
Be Witness, O ye Pow'rs that dwell above,
If yet a Maid e'er did like Silvia love,
Punish me strangely, let me have no Peace,
If e'er to love Philander I shall cease;
No Force, nor Art, nor Honour, Wealth, or Laws,
Nor any other necessary Cause,
Conscience, nor Duty, neither Pow'r shall have,
Nor make me e'er the lovely Youth to leave.
This hast thou sworn, O charming, faithless Fair,
Thus 'twixt each happy Minute thou would'st
swear.
No sooner then each faithless Oath you swore,
But I believ'd, and for them lov'd thee more—
Hast thou forgot, O fickle, charming Maid,
All that you have to me so often said?

Farewel

*Farewel the World, and all that Fools adore,
 Give me Philander, and I ask no more—
 Hast thou forgot, did the long Night not hear?
 No other Sound but Invocations there?
 O all ye Stars, that then did Heav'n adorn,
 Be witness how this faithless Maid's forsworn;
 Revenge, ye injur'd Powers, Revenge provide,
 Since she has by't the faithfull'st Heart destroy'd—
 None yet e'er fell that was so full of Truth,
 Revenge, ye weeping Gods, your dying Youth.*

Philander.



LETTER XXXIX.

TO PHILANDER.

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

KIND, my *Philander*, thy Reproaches are,
 To me, tho' needless, yet they seem most
 dear,

By Argument I'll not disprove 'em now,
 But by a Deed that shall convincing shew;

I have not now a Minute's Time to write,
 But am resolv'd this Night to make my Flight.
 Let in *St. Vincent's* Wood your Chariot wait,
 Remove thyself unto the *Highway-Gate*,
 There will I call on thee; 'twas well thy Fear,
 Or Jealousy, or Love, brought thee so near.
 Farewel Parents, Honour, Fame, Int'rest too,
 I leave you all, and with *Philander* go——
 Hasten, hasten, and let the Chariot fast drive on,
 For I am quite impatient to be gone.
 The first Occasion I shall take to fly,
 Love me, *Philander*, love me, or I die.

Under pretence of reaching the *Jessamin* which
 shades my Window, I unperceived let down and re-
 ceive what Letters you send by the honest *Weeder*;
 by her send your Sense of my Flight, or rather your
 Direction, for 'tis resolv'd already.



LETTER.



LETTER XL.

TO SILVIA.

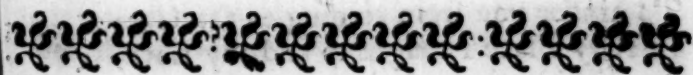
My lovely Angel,

SO close this Secret's in my Bosom laid,
 I'll only say, *Silvia* shall be obey'd.
 I'll not on't think, lest I in Rapture should;
 To th' busy Winds proclaim my Joy aloud.
 No more, no more, my Fair: Extreams of Joy,
 Like those of Grief, do ever silent lie:
 Let it suffice, the Blessing which you give,
Philander oft has wish'd he might receive;
 A Gift too great for Heav'n e'er to bestow,
 On any wretched Mortal here below;
 But if it do, that Moment I'll resign
 The World, since Love and charming *Silvia's*
 mine.

Haste, haste, my Arms are open to receive
 My Life, my kind, my lovely Fugitive;
 Haste, *Silvia*, for this Moment I shall be,
 I now am gone where you directed me.

Adieu.

LETTER



LETTER XLI.

TO PHILANDER.

After her Flight.

AH! my *Philander*! how have you betray'd
 A poor, unfortunate, and harmless Maid!
 Where art, and why would you abandon me,
 And why am I not now receiv'd by thee?
 I'll not upbraid with b'ing undone by you,
 'Twas all my own; and were it yet to do,
 I for *Philander* should be ruin'd again,
 And never find Occasion to complain.
 But I can die; of Hopes, of Friends bereft——
 Am left by all, e'en by *Philander* left——
 Of nought but Resolution am possess'd,
 That, when I please, can lay me down to rest.
 But oh! you are not false, or if you be,
 Your cloy'd, repented Love then let me see,
 That *Silvia* then may by Experience prove,
 There's no such thing on Earth as Truth, or Love.
Philander, be thou false, or be thou true,
 'Tis worse than Death to doubt, then let me know,
 What

What Accident there was contriv'd by Fate,
 To hinder you from coming to the Gate;
 In ev'ry Place I sought to find my Love,
 But still in vain to find you out I strove—
 I ask'd the Woods, and to the Springs complain,
 Call'd on thee thro' the Groves, but all in vain,
 Nothing, so oft as I *Philander* cry'd,
 But Eccho's heard—*Philander*—they reply'd.
 Thus, thus I search'd, until the coming Night,
 Increasing Fears made me resolve for Flight,
 Which we agreed, and did to *Paris* go,
 Where I should be, there's none but Heav'n that
 knew.

I almost naked was, and friendless too,
 At last, consulting *Brilliard* what to do,
 After a thousand Revolutions, he
 Concluded I should at his Sister's be.
 Not my Retreat, nor Welcomes I receive,
 All the ensuing Night no Ease could give?
 Of my *Philander* I no News could hear,
 Was kept awake by Jealousy and Fear:
Brilliard, who all this Night sought you in vain
 Is now return'd distracted back again:
 Since we of thee no News in *Paris* hear,
 (Which certain 'tis we might if thou wert there,
 For oh the Sun as soon conceal'd might be,
 Might hide itself with as much Ease as thee)
 He is resolv'd to search the Wood throughout,
 Thinking you waiting are still thereabout.

Whe

When left the Chariot, lest you should be seen,
The Way you could not find back there again;
Thus feeds my Hopes, my Heart thus flatters too,
That tender Heart that fain would think you
true,

And may that Thought ne'er from my Mind de-
part,

For thou'rt a God, unchangeable thou art.

I know, by some Mistake you're waiting there,
Impatient, and as wild as I am here.

Perhaps thou think'st I'm false, want Courage too
To fly to thee, and glorious Love pursue;
Perhaps thou wait'st the Hour thou think'st I'll
give

Myself from thee, *Foscario* receive:

No, dear Inchanter, no such thing 'twill prove,
Thou can'st not think I did so lightly love.

Last Night, the Eve to th' Wedding-Day de-
sign'd,

By my Resolves I had repos'd my Mind,

I set a willing Hand, and did prepare

For the Occasion with a cheerful Air;

And in my Room a thousand Ways I dress'd,

A thousand Questions ask'd, which look'd the
best?

Deck'd my Apartment, nothing left that may

Confirm them I was pleas'd, and of my Stay:

pull'd them off again, and laid them down,

To stop Suspicion, put my Night-Gown on;

Each

Each in their Office busy, and intent,
 I unobserv'd into the Garden went,
 And o'er the Meadow posted fast away,
 As swift as *Daphne* from the God of Day;
 'Till I arriv'd where did your Chariot stand,
 Breathless, of *Brilliard* I his Lord demand.
 He said, for fear you should be seen, was gone
 A little up yon shady Path alone;
 T'wards which we went, found no *Philander* there
 Nor did one Vision of my Love appear:
 Send me word back you're safe, that you are
 mine,
 And lastly, that your Love shall ne'er decline:
 Or this, which should have been my Wedding
 Day,
 Secure in Death shall the fond *Silvia* lay.

Paris, Thursday, from my
 Bed, for want of Clothes,
 or rather, News from *Phi-*
lander.





LETTER XLII.

To SILVIA.

MY Life, my Joy! art thou reserv'd for me,
And is *Philander* bless'd by Heav'n and
thee!

In Peace then let me die; the World resign,
Since I have liv'd to see my *Silvia* mine.
All Jealousies from thy soft Heart remove,
Nor think so base, so poorly of my Love;
To need more Oaths, my Breath away I'd swear,
But O, my *Silvia*, there's no need on't here.
My lovely Dear; turn not thy charming Eyes,
On what thou'st left, but to the coming Joys,
On Love and Youth; I'll dedicate each Day,
To render thine, my Fair, serene and gay.
So wond'rous precious to my Soul you prove,
That I in my Extravagance of Love,
I fear, I shall a wearying Coxcomb be,
Dread ev'ry Look thou giv'st away from me—
A Sigh, a Smile, a Touch, will make me rave,
Commit a Murder on the happy Slave

H

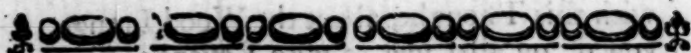
All

All in the World at *Silvia's* Feet shall lie,
 All, but another Lover, shall enjoy.
 Ages must pass e'er I can jealous be,
 Or e'er my *Silvia* can be tir'd of me—
 I'll be so doating, will so fondly play,
 You shan't have Time to throw a Look away;
 By Force of Love I'll always thee retain,
 I have thee now, and will my Right maintain.
 I rave to see thee, but I'm wounded, Dear;
 Be not afraid, the Wounds not dang'rous are,
 They're troublesome, 'cause I can't fly to thee,
 My lovely *Silvia*, haste, and come to me.
 To farther which, I've sent by *Brilliard* now
 An Order where he shall for Money go;
 Then get some Clothes are ready to put on,
 I cannot live another Day alone;
 Still you may pass for what y' already do,
 'Till I can take some further Care of you.
 When I the Chariot left, I walk'd alone,
 So far, when I return'd I found it gone.
 A thousand Doubts and Fears my Mind possess,
 And Melancholy, dread our ill Success,
 Some time you was pursu'd and took, I thought,
 The Chariot seiz'd, you back to *Belfont* brought.
 Imagining (as jealous Lovers do)
 The most tormenting things t' increase my Woe;
 Sometimes to think you false I was inclin'd,
 Yes, false, my *Silvia*, that you'd chang'd your
 Mind.

Mad

Mad with this Thought, about the Wood I range,
And vow'd, on all I met to take Revenge.
By the high Road, amongst the Fern I lie,
Expecting there the Bridegroom to come by ;
Above an Hour I had not waited there,
With Joy *Foscario* saw, advancing near,
His Equipage out-stripp'd, and seem'd to fly,
T'wards *Belfont* he was making, full of Joy.
I, fir'd with Rage, cry'd, Stay, *Foscario*, you
Must strive with me, e'er you to *Silvia* go.
In fine, we fought, and many Wounds I gave,
And many Wounds I did from him receive,
Till we were parted, as we fainting stood,
Link'd in each other's Arms with loss of Blood ;
In th' Equipage his Coach and Chariot were,
To th' first his Servants lifted him with Care,
The last he order'd to attend on me,
And set me down where-e'er I pleas'd to be :
And so in haste they him t'wards *Belfont* drove,
And I resolv'd too, not from thence to move,
Within a Mile ; away the Chariot went,
And I to *Paris* for a Surgeon sent.
I'm willing now to live, since mine's my Fair,
Haste, lovely Maid, and no Discov'ry fear ;
Haste to my Arms, as feeble as they be,
Yet will they a dear, welcome Grasp to thee.
I'll say no more, nor Rules prescribe in vain,
Love can best tell thee how to save thy Swain.

Philander.



LETTER XLIII.

To PHILANDER.

I'VE *Brilliard* sent to see the Coast is clear,
 To know if we with Safety may come there, }
 He brings, instead of *Silvia*, a young Cavalier,
 Who will from you as many Welcomes meet,
 At th' end o' the Village does impatient wait.



LETTER XLIV.

To SILVIA.

From the Bastile.

MY lovely Fair expected me, I know,
 To be at home, to dine to-day with you ;
 Wonders I could so long since Morning live,
 Without the Joys I from her Charms receive.
 i Know,

Know, *Silvia*, then, that Fate is come on me,
Which in the midst of Bliss w' have fear'd would
be,

Which has so often chang'd thy Smiles to Fears,
And oft has ruffled thy calm Soul with Cares;
Let's not seem strange, three Moons w' ave had
Alarms,

Have made thee chagrine in *Philander's* Arms.
We knew that we must meet the fatal Hour,
Tho' three blest'd Moons had kept us from its
Pow'r:

But Love has arm'd us both; let Fate deprive
Me of all Joys, but what my Fair can give;
All the false World's Respect, the grave Advice
Of formal Coxcombs, and censorious Wife,
Th' Opinion of ill-judging Women too,
No matter, *Silvia*, if I'm lov'd by you.

I'm at your Father's Suit in Prison laid,
For Rape committed on my lovely Maid.
My Soul, take Coach, and to *Cesario* go,
Cesario will be my Bail, I know.
I fear not a fair Trial, Thefts of Love,
When mutual, never Felony can prove;
May die for Love, for loving can't; haste, Fair,
That I may be detain'd no longer here
From all the Pleasure of my Soul, from thee:
Haste, my lov'd Dear, and set *Philander* free.

Philander.

Come not to me, lest there
should be an Order to detain
my Dear.

H 3

LETTER



LETTER XLV.
TO PHILANDER.

I'M not surpriz'd at what has fall'n on thee,
Because 't has long expected been by me;
And Love so well has fortified my Heart,
I now can act a most courageous part,
Worthy a Nymph that loves so blest'd a Swain,
Who by the lovely Youth is lov'd again.
'Gainst all that can befall me, arm'd I am,
'Gainst b'ing disgrac'd, and made a publick
Shame;
The Whispers of the Court I've been, 'tis true,
These happy Months that I've retir'd with you;
My Father too, long since the Secret knew,
At least, could not help gueßing it was so,
Altho' his Justice and his Anger slept,
And possibly conceal'd it still had kept,
Did not *Mertilla*, with her spiteful Ways,
His drousy Vengeance to these Measures raise;
I know she ply'd him with her soft'ning Pray'rs,
Won him to make it publick with her Tears.

I'm

I'm enter'd, arm'd, my Fortune I'll pursue,
My Fortitude to th' World shall wond'rous shew.
Philander, yes, since I've my Honour lost,
Since Love, my Parents, Friends, and Fame has
cost,

I'll stop at nothing now, more Hazards run,
And thank the spiteful Fates that bring them
on.

Love on, like me, *Philander*, if you dare,
And let their Hate pursue me ev'ry where,
Let me in Tortures live, in Prisons lie,
One Grain of Love they never shall destroy :
No, since I know what 'tis to have thee mine,
I'll ne'er the Glory quit of dying thine.

Silvia.

*Cefario, my Dear, is coming
to be your Bail, with Monsieur
the Count of ——— I die to see
you, after your suffering for
Silvia.*





LETTER XLVI.
TO SILVIA.

MY Life, my Soul, my charming Fair, be-
lieve,
'Thole Hours I'm absent from thee, I not live.
My lovely Dear, while you believe this Truth,
You never need suspect your constant Youth;
If he should stay beyond th' appointed Hour,
For to support without you h' has no Power,
My Dear, I to my Advocate's am gone,
It seems my Tryal comes to-morrow on.
'Twill be two Hours e'er I return again,
E'er I can to my dearest bring her Swain.

Philander.



LETTER



LETTER XLVII.

TO SILVIA

MY dearest Child, while with my Advocate,
 I there was by the Prince *Cesario* met;
 He says, your Father all his Time employs,
 To find my Fair; if found, *Philander* dies.
 This Night I'd have thy Lodgings mov'd by thee,
 Left where you are you should discover'd be;
 I've *Brilliard* sent, he will conduct you where
 You'll have good Company, nor need to fear;
 Where lives a pretty Woman, full of Wit,
Belinda nam'd, obliging, and discreet;
 The secret Stories of our Love does know,
 And to your Quality Respect will shew.
 One Day my Fair a Recompence shall have,
 For all thy Sufferings for thy 'ternal Slave.

Philander.

H 5 LETTER



LETTER XLVIII.
TO PHILANDER.

I Was in haste your Orders to obey,
By Three o' Clock with *Brilliard* went away.
I'm come where you desir'd, and find it true,
The Woman has both Sense and Beauty too.
This Flight not pleases me; what have I done?
Yet I've no other Fault, but Love alone.
To boast of that I ought to be inclin'd,
Since 'tis the noblest Passion of the Mind;
My Love's not criminal, *Philander*, no,
Nor is't a Crime that it is fix'd on you;
None but your fatal Marriage is the Cause,
That was no Crime too, 'till Man made the Laws.
And can those Laws Damnation then procure?
When thou wert married, curse the fatal Hour,
Curse on the Priest, may endless Plagues be laid
On all who did the Ceremony aid,
Except your Tongue, by it 'twas binding made,
Your Tongue, by which the fatal--Yes, was said--
Oh Heav'ns! of all your whole Creation, there
Was but one Man that's to your *Silvia* dear,
And

And why from me did you that Youth remove?
Did you not form our Souls for mutual Love?
Mertilla might have lov'd another Man,
But I, alas! none but *Philander* can;
Th' ador'd *Philander*, with those speaking Eyes,
That wounding Softness in his tender Voice;
That charming Face had Pow'r to conquer me,
Oh all ye Gods! can this a Sin then be?
Must Laws, which Man for meer Convenience
make,

Divine Decrees at our Creation break?
Perhaps to-morrow, when the Youth's arraign'd,
They'll say he for *Mertilla* was ordain'd;
'Twas no such thing, yet pretty near he came,
But by an Error of his hasty Flame,
Made him so negligently stop too soon,
He should have gaz'd a little farther on—
Then in young *Silvia* had he fix'd his Joy,
'Tis fine Divinity they teach, who cry,
That Marriages are first in Heaven done,
Folly and Madness into Custom grown;
And if a wild, unheedy Youth there shou'd,
Take the first Offer up in heat of Blood,
He a rich Heir, and she from Brothels thrust,
Coupled in Heat of Wine, and sudden Lust,
When in the Morning wakes, perceives the Whore,
Quits her with Shame, the Folly owns no more;
Does this a heavenly Conjunction shew?
Were I, in height of Youth, as I am now,

Forc'd by my Parents, who'll not be deny'd,
 To be the old, deform'd *Antoyne's* Pride,
 Whose Qualities I hate, by Heav'n's I'll die,
 Rather than suffer him with me to lie;
 Most certainly, 'twere Blasphemy to say
 That by the Gods 'twas done, on them the Charge
 to lay.

Curse on your Nonsense, ye imposing Crew,
 Curse on your holy Cant, you may allow
 Murders and Rapes the Acts of Heav'n too. }
 Must they, because Heav'n suffers them to be,
 Therefore be Heav'n's Pleasure, or Decree?
 A Trick, a wise Device of Priests, no more,
 To make them pass their tir'd-out Business o'er,
 Drudge for the dull got Family, 'cause taught
 To think that Marriages from Heav'n are brought.
 A mighty Comfort that is too, to boast,
 When all the Joys of Life are by it lost.
 Were it not nobler, Honour kept his Love,
 Since by Experience we do daily prove,
 That of Content they have the smallest Share,
 Of whom they say Heav'n joins, who marry'd are.
 And where Love is not, they Disgust must shew,
 Loathing Disquiet, and Repentance too.
 No, my *Philander*, that's a heavenly Pair,
 When two Souls meet, and equal Passion share,
 When willing Vows we do on both sides find,
 When a true View is taken of the Mind,
 When there's no Gain, nor any Int'rest had,
 And when the Match alone by Love is made;

When

When equal Judgments meet, that can perceive,
 Their Blessings when to give, and when receive ;
 Who find the Beauty of each other's Minds,
 Whom not a formal Ceremony binds,
 But well-consider'd Vows are spoke with Love,
 With which they call with Joy on Heav'n to prove.
 Such is thy Wife, and such my Husband too,
 The Match that Heav'n designs, and means——
 then oh !

How came't, *Philander*, you was miss'd by me,
 Why was not *Silvia* then possess'd by thee ?

Silvia:

Since I writ this, which I design'd not an In-
 vective against Marriage, when I began, but to
 inform thee of my being where you directed, but since
 I writ, I say, the House where I am is broken o-
 pen, with Warrants and Officers for me ; but being
 all undress'd and ill, the Officer has taken my Word
 for my Appearance to-morrow. It seems they saw
 me when I went from my Lodgings, and pursued me ;
 haste to me, for I need your Counsel.



LETTER

LETTER XLIX.
TO SILVIA.

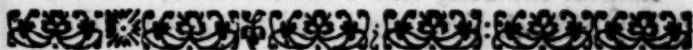
MY Grief I can't express, my lovely Fair,
When I the News of your Surprize di-
hear.

I am not able yet to come to you,
This Time I steal, that I may let thee know,
What 'tis my Advocate would have us do.
If thou art took, I cannot save thy Charms,
Thou 'lt be for ever ravish'd from my Arms.
If thou would'st save *Philander*, then you must
Marry some faithful Friend, whom I can trust.
This w^e have discours'd, thou oft hast said it too
Rather than kill me, any thing you'd do.
Oh, Charmer of my Soul, then Courage have,
To do a Deed, which only both can save.
And tho' no Terror, but i' th' Name, I see,
Yet faint to say't, *Silvia* must married be:
Yes, *Silvia*, yes, you must a Husband take,
Tho' you are mine as fast as Heav'n can make.
I've pitch'd upon the Property, my Dear,
'Tis *Brilliard* I can trust in this Affair,

Brilliard

Brilliard's a Gentleman, and may pretend
 To such a Bliss, tho' Fortune's not his Friend.
 He's handsome too, well bred, oblig'd to me,
 Will go no farther than the owning thee:
 He dares not do't, I'll tie him from't before,
 I'll trust him with my Life, but *Silvia's* more.
 We'll have the Ceremony o'er to-day,
 To keep you mine there is no other way.

Philander.



LETTER L.

TO *SILVIA*.

MY charming, lovely Fair, you now indeed,
 Of your heroick Bravery have need.
 As I was coming from my Dear, was met,
 And charg'd with Treason 'gainst the King and
 State,
 From m'injur'd Monarch may receive my
 Fate.
 This great late Shock of Chance, my charming
 Fair,
 Worthy thy glorious Soul, with Courage bear ;

I

I find no Sting in Death, but leaving thee,
 And ev'ry Parting still the same would be.
 Perhaps I might by thy Disdain have dy'd,
 Thou might'st have been with thy *Philander* cloy'd,
 Might lov'd another, all thy Vows have broke,
 And might have kill'd me by a harder Stroke.
 But Fate is kinder to me, and I'm blest'd,
 I go with charming *Silvia's* Love possess'd,
 For her dear sake, sure Heaven much will do,
 To recompence a Maid so innocent and true.
 Expect the best, this Comfort have, that I,
 My *Silvia's* liv'd, and will my *Silvia's* die.

Philander.



LETTER LI.

TO *PHILANDER.*

MY dear Supporter, here I vow, that you
 Shall not to Heav'n without your *Silvia*
 go.

By Heav'n I swear, I can't without thee live,
 And if thou dy'st, thy Nymph shall not survive.

Silvia.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

TO SILVIA.

SEE, *Silvia*, see, how all the Gods above
 Take care of Innocence, and faithful Love;
 See, lovely Fair, what they have done for you,
 Thou beauteous Creature, less they could not do.

Know, lovely Maid, when I examin'd was,
 Before the King, too plain they found my Case,
 My Sentence was, to be to th' *Bastile* sent,
 From whence, but to my Death, I ne'er had went.
 The Messenger, b'ing in my Coach alone,
 I was resolv'd to kill him, and be gone.

I try'd with Gold, e'er I my Dagger shew,
 And that prevail'd, a Way more harmless too.
 Near to the Sea I now have made Retreat,
 Where, with Impatience, I for *Silvia* wait.

My Life depends upon my Flight, you know,
 And what is mine, the Life of *Silvia* too,
 But yet I can't without my Chamber go,
 In your Boy's Clothes, my Dearest, be you dress'd,
 Bring *Brilliard* with you; with this Seaman haste.

We

We to some foreign Shore our Coast will steer.
 Bring me what News you of *Cesar* hear ;
 Methinks I would not have him poorly die,
 Nor to the Scaffold go with Shouts of Joy,
 By th' Multitude, that most uncertain Beast,
 Who oft in Throngs his Chariot Wheels have
 press'd,
 Who gaze, and fickle Adoration shew,
 In Crouds they'd follow, wheresoe'er he'd go.
 I pity him, but *Silvia* will remove
 All Thoughts from me, but those of pleasing
 Love.

10 JY 57

Philander.

*I need not bid
 thee haste.*

F I N I S.



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